BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE, 1952

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 44 No. 6 JUNE, 1952

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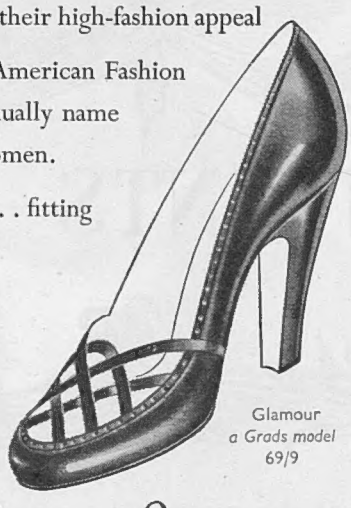

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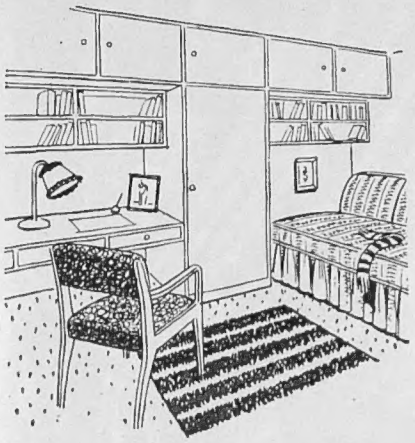

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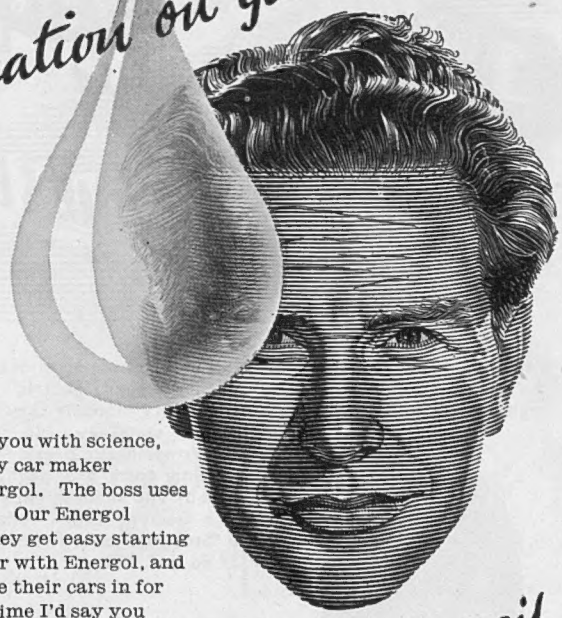

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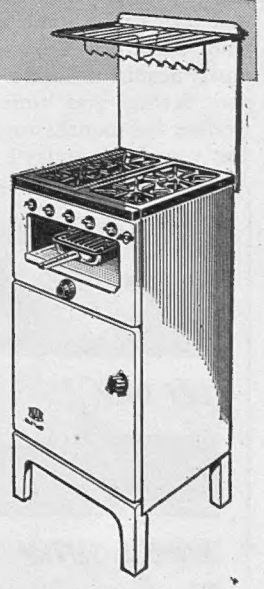

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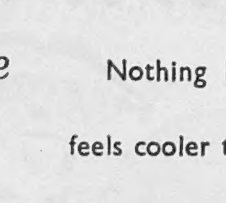

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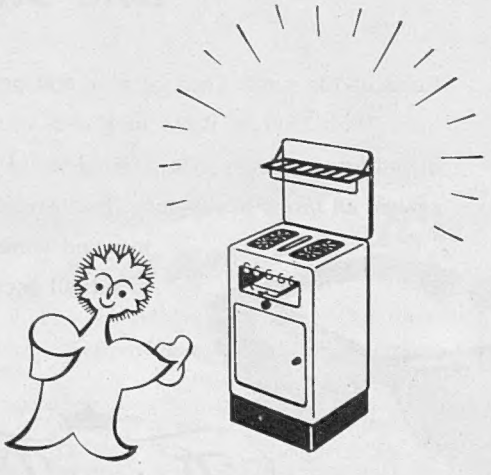

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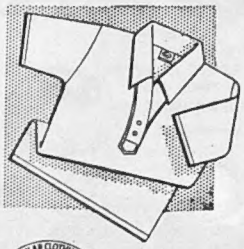

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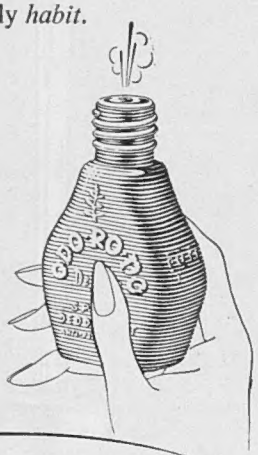

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SHORT STORY BY MARGARET BAUMANN.

Knight Errant

Her cool, impersonal glance accepted his presence and resented it. Jon's mood touched a new low.

THE Copper Kettle was crowded enough at that time of the evening to give Jon an excuse to share her table, but he stood hesitating, stooped under the oak beam of the doorway. It could mean another rebuff and pride wouldn't let him risk it! Yet he was overwhelmed by such a tide of homesickness and woman-sickness that another hour of his own company would send him crazy.

His glance ranged round, reached out again wistfully towards that table by the window. Along with the loneliness his eyes still held a glint of humour, but he was perilously close to losing even that. He was thinking: "If everything weren't so darned *old*!"

The low-raftered ceiling in this place, for instance; the carved benches of black oak and the enormous kettle which stood symbolically upon two crossed logs in the cavern of a stone hearth: the floorboards, uneven with age and worn smooth by centuries of diligent polishing. Even the people looked old, hunched over their little tables, arguing and laughing together in low voices, in the drifting tobacco smoke, that seemed to hold mysteries of time long past.

Smuggling is inherent, and almost accepted in
but Jon was shocked to find a girl involved, even

Against all this, the beauty of the girl by the window glowed out like a flower, like youth itself, built to the wholesome pattern of Jon's own generation, his own world.

HE suddenly made up his mind and began shoving his way between the tables, lowered himself awkwardly into the chair opposite her. " I hope you don't mind. Seems like there 's no other table free ! "

Her cool, impersonal glance accepted his presence and resented it. Then she withdrew about a thousand miles and ignored him. Jon's mood touched a new low.

She hadn't ordered anything, which most likely meant she was waiting for a boy-friend who could be expected to act tough when he found a stranger at her table. That, Jon thought, was where you were made to look a complete fool.

On the other hand, it could be she was in some sort of trouble. There was a heap of cigarette-stubs in the ash-tray, all hers, judging by the traces of lipstick, and her hands —very slender and brown—gripped one another in betraying restlessness as she stared out into the darkness. There was a sound of soft rain out there and the sound of the sea. Maybe she was watching for some boat coming into harbour ; and if so, it mattered a lot to her, Jon thought, that those mast-head lights, red to port and green to starboard, should ride in safely past the jetty.

He had time to explore all the possibilities, trite or dramatic. Time, too, to learn the shadow her long lashes made on a smoothly tanned cheek, the young, lovely curve of brow and throat, the way little tendrils of dark hair sprang at the nape of her neck.

THEN the overworked waitress reached them at last, breathing hard, heavy on her feet, holding a metal tray aloft on one hand while she whipped a cloth over the polished wood of the table.

" Two coffees," said Jon, boldly.

" And sandwiches, Sir ? We 've got cheese and tomato or cheese and gherkin."

" Just coffee, I guess." The waitress was gone already. He looked at the girl. " Or would you have liked sandwiches ? "

A great flood of colour rushed into her face.

" No, thank you. And I wouldn't dream of letting you buy me coffee."

Jon said, not smiling any more : " Please don't deny me the pleasure."

He had reached the point when it was miraculous to be speaking to a human being. Soon he 'd begin talking aloud to himself or get the habit everyone had around here of breaking off whatever they chanced to be doing, and just stand staring at the sea, as though caught up by the enchantment which had drawn painters to St. Ives from all over the world, starting with Sickert and Whistler—yes, all that while ago.

The magic was in this girl's eyes as she turned them on him now. They were the bluest eyes he had ever seen,

Ruth nearly jumped out of her yellow sweater. For a minute she looked absolutely panic-stricken. Then she recovered sufficiently to give him a nervous smile and introduce " My cousin Ralph."

the Cornishman,
against her will.

like bits of Blue John stone. She let an impatient little smile appear.

" If it matters all that much to you to give a girl coffee . . ."

His precious moment was reprieved, but Jon thought warily : " Any minute now she 'll go into a trance again or get up and walk out on me." Desperate that she should understand, he blurted out : " Look, on an English railroad platform I 've noticed the people all walk up and down, peering into the train. I used to wonder at first what they were looking for ! "

She stared. " An empty compartment, of course."

" I still don't get it," said Jon. His smile was perplexed, diffident. " Maybe it 's plain stupid of me to have the idea that travelling could be a fine way to come by new experience, new friends. You folks make that empty compartment, then you pile the seats with luggage and stand at the window scowling, so that no stranger will dare intrude ! "

HE had pricked her interest. She looked half-amused and half-annoyed.

" I suppose you must think that very selfish of us, if you don't call it something worse, but really it 's a form of shyness. We 're always so doubtful how people will take us." She gave him a sideways look under her lashes. " Anyway, you can't talk with a stranger about the things you really want to know ! "

He took her up swiftly. " Such as, what am I doing over here ? Well, my company sent me to London on business and while I was about it I thought I 'd take a look round."

" It 's a wild, wet time of year for Cornwall."

He smiled. " My name is Tregarth. Jon Tregarth. Does that tell you anything ? "

" Everything." She looked at him hard for a long minute, then gave a little nod and said wonderingly : " Yes, you have The Look. You 'd be a Cornishman anywhere ! "

" Queer business, isn't it ? " said Jon. " Kinship. Inheritance. The same beads threaded on the same string for hundreds and hundreds of years. Black hair, blue eyes and the pride of the devil ! "

SHE said with an oddly shamed look : " I suppose this was a sort of homecoming. I hope it hasn't broken your heart ! "

Jon said slowly, " I 've seen some beautiful things. Then again I 've seen the broken chimneys of old mines sticking up out of the moorland. I 've seen Boscastle harbour, picturesque and weed-grown, though they tell me it was a flourishing tin port once upon a time. And I 've been to Tintagel and seen King Arthur's castle lying in ruins."

She commented with sudden bitterness. " Now you know the age of chivalry is really past ! "

" Since I came to St. Ives I 'm not so sure ! This place does something to you." He looked her straight in the eyes, his own screwed up into a shy, eager sort of smile. " If a girl happened to be in a spot, I think she 'd still find a knight errant here ! "

She got that all right. She flushed up and stared out of the window again, stubbornly silent.

THE waitress bringing along their coffee just then made a diversion. When she left them alone, Jon tried again.

" This place, the Copper Kettle. I suppose it 's genuinely old ? An ancient inn or something ? "

She said honestly : " Not terribly old by our standards, but *elderly*. A couple of hundred years, perhaps." Mischief danced in her eyes. " It was actually the meeting-place over the old fish market."

His face dropped. " Well, you never know ! " He 'd have sworn sinister goings-on had been plotted here, not fish auctions.

She said encouragingly : " But if you like old places you must have a drink at the Sloop Inn, over the far side of the harbour. That 's where the artists and fishermen meet and there 's thick local colour. Then, (*Continued on page 70*)

" The Copper Kettle is not terribly old by our standards," she said, " but *elderly*. A couple of hundred years, perhaps. It was actually the meeting-place over the old fish market."

"The Last of England" 1852, from the original painting by Ford Madox Brown now in the Birmingham Art Gallery

MASS MIGRATION.

Overcrowded Britain has yet to discover whether mass migration is the solution to her problems

Sir Frank Whittle, K.B.E., inventor of the jet aircraft, is doing his utmost to foster mass migration

THE new reign takes off with the Comet which brings Commonwealth centres, however distant, within a few hours of one another (thirty-six hours flying time from London to Sydney) and with which the name of Sir Frank Whittle will always be associated. If anyone is assured of contemporaneous inclusion among "New Elizabethans," it is he.

Is it not curious, therefore, that a second idea which the inventor of the revolutionizing jet is doing his utmost to foster, falls on deaf ears among so many of his countrymen? I refer to mass migration from overcrowded Britain to specific parts of the Commonwealth overseas.

Is it feasible? Is it desirable? Would those most closely concerned agree to it? Sir Frank has been placed at the head of a movement to find out.

Yet none can gainsay that if the answers to the above three questions were found to be in the affirmative, this would be the thing above all others, by which the new reign would be remembered in history; and so Elizabethan in the full meaning of a highly evocative term.

Put the matter to a small personal circle, and you get a composite answer:

"Emigration? It's going as well as you can expect these times. About half-a-million, isn't it, since the war? Besides, lots of them come back—no housing, undertakings not kept, that sort of thing. And look what's happened in Australia: inflation through too many immigrants at once! No. . . . it's a great thought, but what with Russia putting on the pressure, and no dibs, and full employment to keep up in the Welfare State, it would be surprising if the present rate of exodus were maintained. What is it —70,000 or so a year?"

As an afterthought: "And look what Churchill says. 'We must stay and fight it out here.' He ought to know."

Yes, there is difference of opinion with the greatest of Englishmen for a long day, with one for whom Pascal's "to govern is to foresee" must be pinned very near the masthead. Yet he would be the last to deny vision to two others who go along with Whittle in the vanguard. Of peculiar interest is the support coming from Lord (*Continued on page* 66)

By FERDINAND TUOHY

1. (*Above*) An example of how patience turns snapshots into pictures. Without the boats making an interesting foreground it would have been just another record snapshot. 2. (*Right*) Seen from this angle the pier makes a fine picture. Further interest is provided by the sea-front in the distance

By
JOHN BLAXLAND, A.I.B.P., A.R.P.S.

Making Holiday Pictures

Haphazard view-finding may make snapshots, but it will never make pictures

3. (*Above*) A typical harbour scene. Notice how the foreground has been made interesting by including the fishing boat. A yellow filter over the lens brought out the clouds. 4. (*Right*) A unique holiday picture secured with a simple folding camera. You can obtain similar results by following the instructions in the text

IF in previous years you have returned home with the usual collection of holiday snapshots—the family playing on the beach, sunbathing, in the water, etc., why not this year try to make holiday *pictures*.

You have only to see the number of cameras in use every year to realize that almost everybody indulges in taking snapshots. Few of these, however, can be called pictures as they are usually taken for fun with little thought other than to catch the family enjoying some well-earned relaxation.

When taking pictures of landscapes, or seascapes, we have to remember that the camera does not see objects in the same way that we do. For one thing, having only one eye, the camera cannot see depth and perspective; it cannot see around objects as we can and if you close one eye you will realize the value of our stereoscopic vision.

It is characteristic of a camera lens, also, that objects near to it appear out of scale with those in the distance. Mountains turn into molehills and lakes turn into oceans. Perhaps you have already suffered from such things as diminutive cliffs and ocean-going liners dwarfed into insignificance by broad expanses of sea. You have probably discovered, too, that the immediate foreground usually comes out as a monotonous area devoid of all interest.

Here then, is the first important point. Always see that there is something in the foreground to make it interesting. Look at Fig. 1 and cover up the two boats. At once the picture loses much of its appeal. On my first visit the water was bare. Did I take it? No. I waited until the boats were anchored in suitable positions and if that had not happened I should have tried to have caught some moving boats in approximately similar positions.

Now look at Fig. 2. A pier is an awkward thing to photograph. It is long and thin and when photographed from the side and squeezed into a tiny snapshot is barely recognizable. The thing to do, (*Continued on page* 64)

If you seek gaiety or a rest for frayed nerves, the answer is—

A Holiday Cruise

FOR such lucky ones as can afford the outlay, I claim that a holiday cruise aboard a sightseeing liner is about as much enjoyment as one can hope to attain in these days of stark austerity. Such a vacation is crammed with quiet excitement from start to finish, and it opens delightful vistas of beauty and quaintness unsurpassable by any other means of travel.

From to-day's point of view, perhaps, its chief charm is that it is almost a self-contained business, that can be paid for at home in sterling, leaving the meagre travel allowance of £25 available for buying souvenirs and trifling luxuries.

* * * *

Many intending tourists have asked me just what outfit is advisable for such a cruise; and how to set about it all.

Since most liner-cruises hunt the sun, lightweight clothing is highly desirable. It is best not to decide that any old rags will serve, as the holiday-maker is getting away from it all; most liner-complements—the women, at least—seem to vie with one another as to their smartness and variety of attire. Take the best you've got. It won't suffer; for cabin accommodation is generally spacious, and there is very little risk of damage to even the most delicate fabrics. Since there is certain to be at least one fancy-dress dance during the voyage, it is as well to include some such get-up in one's baggage, unless you are apt at improvisation from such materials as might be available aboard.

* * * *

Since foreigners are apt to judge by samples, it is as well not to affect too outstanding a style of dress for shoregoing. Most ports of call on a cruise are highly civilized; the women dress smartly, the men do not put the scarlet hibiscus to shame. And, as these foreigners' general deportment is highly circumspect, visitors should display equal good manners, I contend, and so uphold national standards of propriety, even though tempted to depart from them because of a new atmosphere and the inevitable thrill of changed surroundings.

Warm clothing is usually necessary for the outset of the cruise, as even in summer the Channel nights are icy; and to lie out in a deck-chair, slightly under the weather, (*Continued on page 78*)

By Frank H. Shaw

Orpheus and Eurydice

THE wild beasts were tamed and gathered round him to listen

Orpheus mourns the loss of Eurydice, but finds recompense at last in eternal paradise

IN ancient Thrace no one was more blithely happy than the minstrel Orpheus, son of Calliope and Oeagrus. Had not the god Apollo presented him with a golden lyre? Had not the Muses taught him to play it masterfully and sing sweet songs to it? Since his was the gift of song he was indeed blest.

When he took up his abode in a cave and sent his music echoing through the vales and forests and mountains of that barbarous land not only did it soothe and civilize the rough inhabitants. The wild beasts were tamed and gathered round him to listen; the trees and rocks of godly Olympus itself, drawn closer by the music's lure, seemed poised in an unearthly spell as if all nature had to listen, entranced. When the Argonauts embarked on their quest for the Golden Fleece Orpheus and his lyre accompanied them to beguile the long voyage.

Such, from the earliest times, was the power of melody, which has persisted through the ages and never wholly forsaken mankind, even in periods of ordeal and disaster; has, indeed, been but the greater solace in times of hardship and suffering. It was meant to voice happiness and triumph—until the sorrows of men and women gave it graver themes.

Orpheus never knew sorrow before he

STORY BY ARNOLD WAREING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK MATTHEW

SHE cried out in her distress, "Come to me, aid me. I am stung unto death," and fell into a swoon

took to wife the lovely maiden Eurydice. Joy should have smiled on the wedding feast, with the gifted bridegroom to gladden it with music and song and dance, and Hymen, the saffron-robed god of marriage, to dower it with his blessings. But instead of favouring them with happy looks and joyous speech, and making the occasion propitious, he seemed sullen and in a foreboding mood as if haunted by ill omens. His torch did not burn with a steady flame; it flickered, smouldered, smoked.

ONLY too soon the omens of that wedding day were tragically fulfilled. Walking gaily over a grassy sward one day with friends, Eurydice trod on a poisonous serpent and was bitten in the ankle. "Orpheus! Orpheus!" she cried out in her distress. "Come to me, aid me, I am stung unto death!" and fell in a swoon. No medicaments could save her, and she died.

Stricken by his loss, Orpheus mourned her on his lyre, which now resounded for the first time with sorrowful, elegiac music that tore the heartstrings. "Eurydice! Eurydice!" he sang. "Oh, why have you gone from me, you whom I so loved? How can I live, apart from you who were a part of me? Will not the gods have pity and bring you back from the cruel shades?" Her friends, the nymphs and dryads, also mourned her with pitiful cries that echoed in the lone, hollow places. Never has such sad music been heard in the Thracian hills and vales; all the world seemed to lament in a threnody which plumbed hitherto unknown deeps of misery.

Seeing that the gods would not help him, he resolved at last to follow her into Hades and implore the dark god Pluto and the goddess Proserpine to give her back to him so that they might enjoy their love for a spell, then he would be content to surrender her until such time as he must join her for eternity.

Buoyed with hope, he crossed the black rivers of Styx and Cocytus, with their choking reeds, and as he touched his lyre in the reverberent underworld beyond all its forlorn ghosts came drifting about him like a sighing, wailing wind, weeping at the sad burden of his song, remembering the music of earth and all it had meant to them when they moved among the living.

Even the purgatorial deeps of that kingdom of night and oblivion, where evildoers were doomed to do penance for their wrongs, echoed his music. Tantalus, who had served his son's flesh to the gods and betrayed the divine counsels of Zeus, forgot the thirst which eternally tormented him as he bent to drink the water that for ever receded from his lips. The vultures ceased to peck at the liver of Tityus, who had offered violence to Artemis and been slain by her arrows. The wheel to which Ixion was bound with serpents, as punishment for his ingratitude to Zeus and lust for Hera, the queen of heaven, no longer revolved but gave him respite. Sisyphus, also punished for betraying Zeus and for a life of avarice and deceit, rested a while by the stone he had to roll constantly uphill. The daughters of Danaus, who had treacherously slain their husbands, rested, too, from endlessly trying to fill their pitcher sieved with holes.

All in that dire netherworld were softened and changed by the music of Orpheus as he sang of his lost Eurydice and pleaded with Pluto and his queen to release her until she had fulfilled her earthly span. "If you do not grant me this favour," he said, "then would I choose to remain here with her in your dark realm rather than return to earth alone, for I cannot live without her."

TOUCHED by his music and his earnest pleading, Pluto and Proserpine could not find it in their hearts to deny him. They accordingly summoned Eurydice, who came, limping still with her wounded foot, from among the newly-arrived shades. "She shall be restored to you," they decreed, "on one condition: that you walk before her and do not turn back to look at her until you have climbed the steep path that leads to the upper world and left this realm."

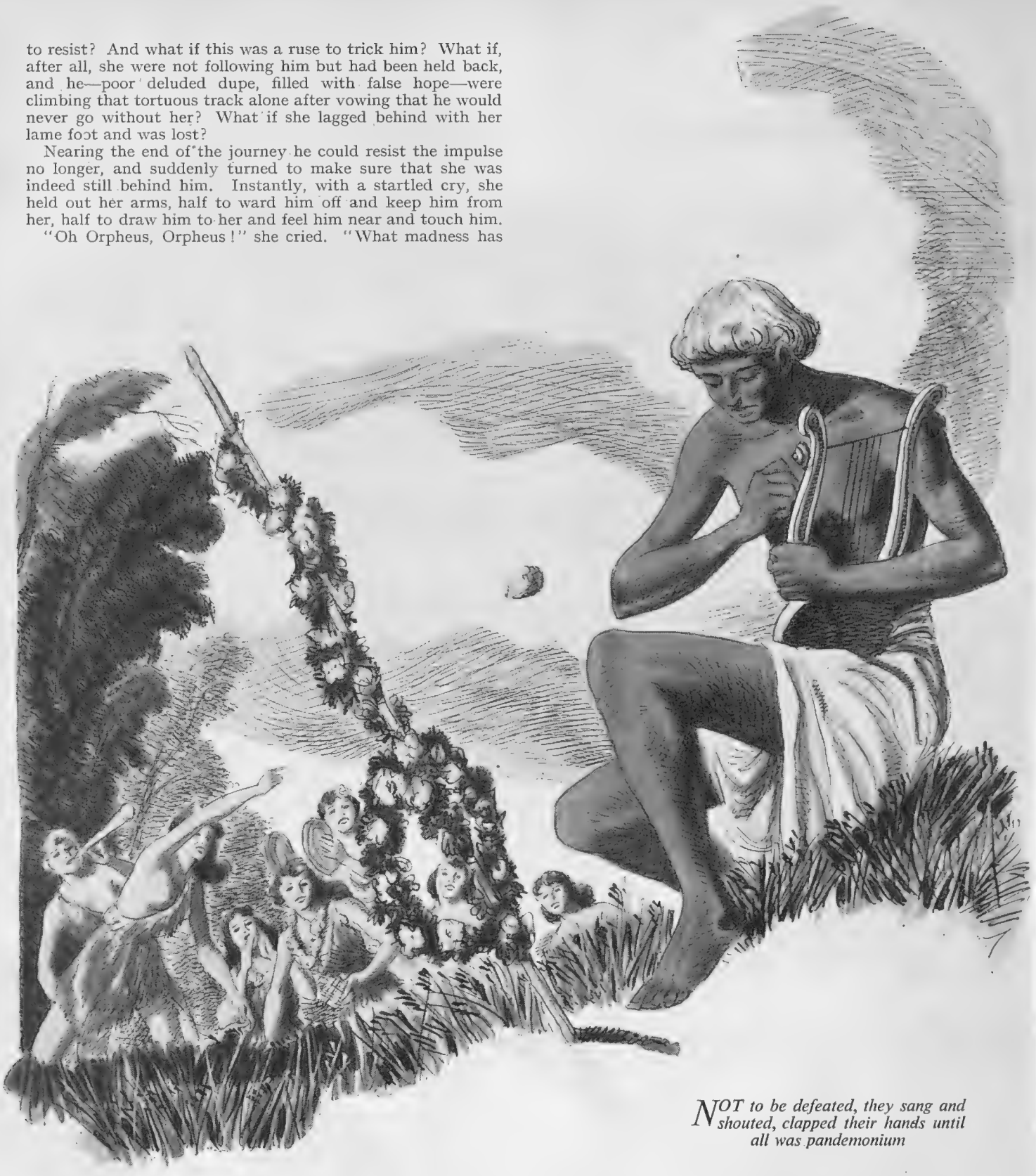
Orpheus gave his promise, and silently they began the long ascent from darkness into the light of mortal day. Resolutely he fought back a terrible longing to turn and gaze at her and draw her to him. Surely, he thought, the gods would forgive him if he did so, out of the great love he bore her? Could they not see that the need was a maddening torture nigh impossible

INSTANTLY, with a cry, she held out her slim arms, half to ward him off, and keep him from her, half to draw him to her

to resist? And what if this was a ruse to trick him? What if, after all, she were not following him but had been held back, and he—poor deluded dupe, filled with false hope—were climbing that tortuous track alone after vowing that he would never go without her? What if she lagged behind with her lame foot and was lost?

Nearing the end of the journey he could resist the impulse no longer, and suddenly turned to make sure that she was indeed still behind him. Instantly, with a startled cry, she held out her arms, half to ward him off and keep him from her, half to draw him to her and feel him near and touch him.

"Oh Orpheus, Orpheus!" she cried. "What madness has seized you, that we both now are lost to each other? I feel the shades about me again, drawing me back, dimming my eyes. Farewell, O Orpheus! I reach out my arms to you, but now can never be yours! I am going back into the darkness. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"



NOT to be defeated, they sang and shouted, clapped their hands until all was pandemonium

HE saw her fade from view as her cries ebbed into silence. He cried out to her in turn: "Eurydice! Eurydice!" and sprang forward to grasp her, but there was no one there, nothing, nothing; only an emptiness, a hollowness, and the stillness of death. Nor could he find his way back to join her, for death's ferryman, Charon, was now at his side, drawing him irrestistibly to the boat that would take him again over the gloomy Styx and land him in the world of mortal men.

Flinging himself on a bank in utter despair, he turned again to his lyre, drawing from it music more pitiful than any that had yet flowed from his fingers. As he played, the sky became leaden and overcast, shadows crept over the land as from the sun's eclipse, all the trees drooped like the willow, the vines and creepers hung limp, the birds sat mute with folded wings, the wild beasts of the forest prowled around him and sank to the ground as if bereft of their strength. He who had charmed all living things with his music could now only weigh them down with his grief, make them a part of his heartfelt pain.

In Thrace there were many maidens who craved his love and would gladly have married him, but (*Continued on page* 82)

The Dollar Earner

by Rose Tenent

Although the Poodle is regarded as the Dandy of the Dog World, he is, nevertheless, one of our Biggest Dollar Earners.

I WANTED my dog to have a sense of dignity. It had to be fearless, active, alert. As a companion my pet would have no superior, for intelligence it would be the pride of the neighbourhood. . . . And then I chose a poodle. Yes, a miniature poodle with a red velvet ribbon decorating its silver-coloured curls.

On the way home I talked to my treasure. " Is it true that I have to clip you regularly ? " I asked him. " Do you really need a manicure ? " " For how long must I provide you with silly toys ? " He appeared to listen to my questions. Indeed, as I bent down to stroke him he even wagged his tail dog-fashion. Perhaps he was trying to tell me that Greer Garson and Hermione Gingold both love poodles, and that Winston Churchill will have no other breed.

His amiable disposition soon won me over, and, like all poodle owners, I found myself completely under his spell. There was nothing haughty about him. He would stand and move obediently to command while I brushed every hair on his wool-like coat, he would sit up good-humouredly for me to shape the fashionable " bracelets " on his legs. With children he was always gentle, unselfish. Where other dogs were concerned I have never known him to fight.

All the same, he had plenty of spirit. A great " show-off," he would dance on his hind legs for my benefit and was capable of jumping a five-barred gate with ease. As a water retriever he had no equal. Easily he was the best watch dog I have ever kept. His name ? I decided to call him Mitraille, after his ancestor who led the French Cavalry into Algiers after that city was conquered in 1830.

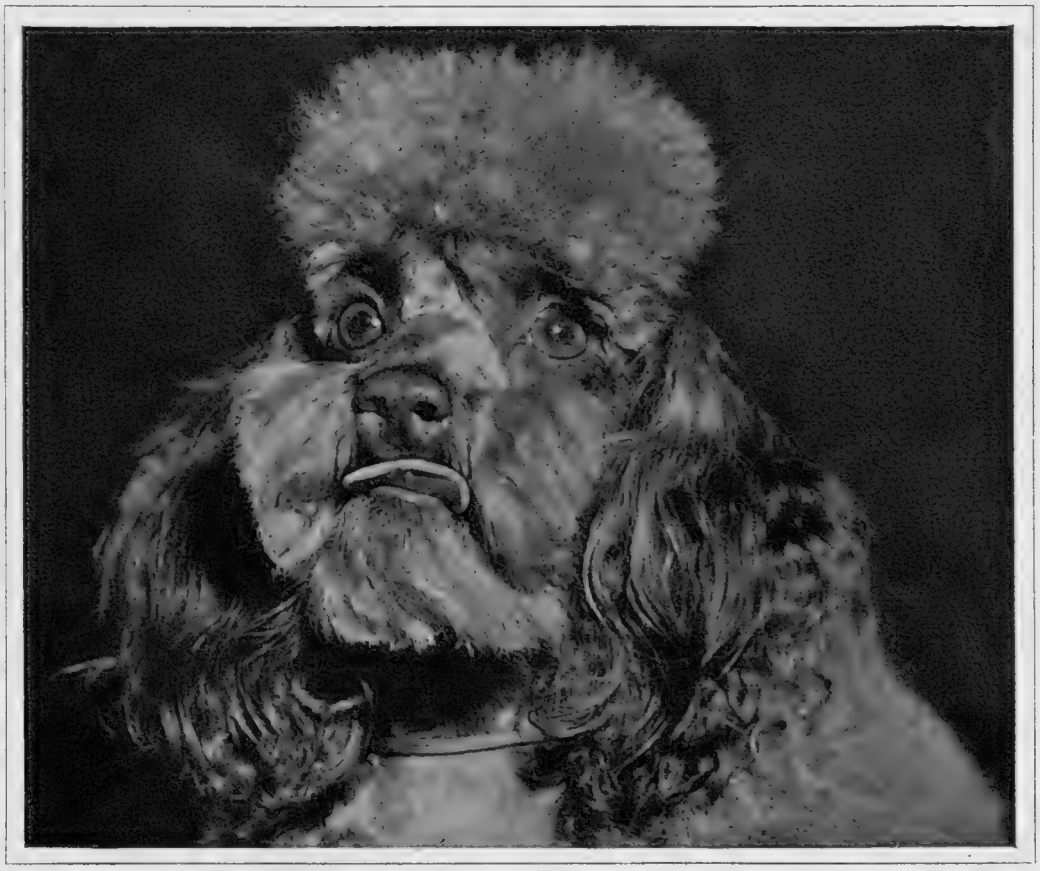
OF course, this is not the only poodle to show such courage. There is the story of one dog that insisted on following his master to the Spanish wars. When the officer was killed at the Battle of Castella, his canine friend refused to leave him. While he sat, hour after hour, guarding the corpse, suddenly a strange soldier appeared and attempted to rob the dead man of his decorations. However, just as the enemy's hand went to the officer's chest, the poodle sprang forward and would have caused a serious injury had not some comrades of the soldier arrived on the scene just in time.

Another story tells, amusingly, how a poodle belonging to Prince Rupert was killed during the English Civil War. Chroniclers have given various versions of this famous dog's character. One even suggested that " Boye " was an ardent churchgoer. Another declared that he had supernatural powers, and a third that he was killed by a magic bullet. At the time of his death a humorous pamphlet was distributed carrying the following rhyme :

> Sad Cavaliers, Rupert invites you all
> That doe survive, to his Dog's Funerall,
> Close mourners are the Witch, Pope and Devil,
> That much lament your late befallen evil.

WHAT of the poodle's origins ? Although the breed is often regarded to be a native of France, actually this is dubious. The name Poodle is derived from the German word " Puddelin," which means " to splash in water," the poodle being a water dog.

According to German authorities there were six distinct types of the breed : the " Gross " (great) Pudel, the " Mittlere " (medium) Pudel, the " Kleine " (little) Pudel, the " Kleine Pinsch " (little monkey-type), the " Schnur " (corded) and the " Schaf " (sheep). (*Continued on page* 84)



Many a housewife has been impressed when a Romany has told her the age and number of her children.

" Life is very sweet, brother.
Who would wish to die ?"

The Way Of A Romany

BY TREVOR HOLLOWAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GOODALL.

IT was Stevenson who said : " There is nobody so dead but his heart will stir a little at the sight of a gipsies' camp." Most of us, I imagine, will echo those sentiments. Their mode of life, wellnigh free of all civilised encumbrances, strikes a chord deep down in our hearts ; some long-buried instinct within us seems to recall the days when man lived in closer contact with nature and was the happier for it.

We are, I think, attracted too by the cloak of mystery and aloofness that clothes every Romany—a cloak as ever-present as the aroma of wood-smoke clinging to their weather-beaten garments.

Who are these restless wanderers and from whence came they ? Nobody knows for certain. As one of them, Charley Smith, philosophically observed : " Where we comes from the dear Lord only knows, and He 's too high and mighty to tell the likes of us."

True, the English name for them is gipsies, but this word is merely a shortened form of Egyptians, for it was long believed they originally came from Egypt. They call themselves " Rom," and many will tell you that " Little Egypt " was the home of their ancestors. But as " Rom " merely means men, and as there is not, nor ever was, a land called " Little Egypt," we are back where we started.

THE most probable theory is that they came from the wild hill country of North-West India. Undoubtedly the Romany tongue is derived from the ancient Hindu language, Sanskrit. Actually there are fourteen different dialects of the " Romani chib," but even these are intermingled with words and phrases gathered from the particular parts of the globe through which the various clans have wandered. Incidentally, we have obtained several of our own slang words from the Romani. " Pal," (*Continued on page 72*)

To most of us, the best-known gipsy possession is the caravan.

A Bucket of Ice

BY MADELEINE BINGHAM.

He never actually did engage me ; he just started to dictate letters, then thrust ten pounds into my not unwilling hand for " postage."

EVERYONE believes in love, and so do I. But unfortunately they only believe in it in varying degrees. I suppose it is a little like religion, some people take it hard and live according to the book, while others content themselves with an occasional visit to church.

Which brings me to the story of Tom Donovan. It happened that I was rather broke, which is a state to which I am not unaccustomed, and I was offered a job with an American business man. I was a little nervous at the prospect. I had perhaps seen too many films with cigar-chewing magnates yelling at secretaries, and I knew that I was not a very speedy stenographer. Willing, but slow.

However, in fear and trembling, I rang the bell of his flat. I rang. And I waited. I rang again and I waited. Finally I kept my hand on the bell. I thought perhaps I had made a mistake about the day. And then at last I heard a faint movement, a few stumbling steps, and the door was flung open.

A man stood there. A young man. As for the high-pressure executive I had expected, he vanished into thin air. For the young man was tousled, and he was wearing nothing but a very small hand towel.

" Come in," he said. " And don't look." This last injunction came a little late.

He managed to get behind the door, and added : " Either you 're early or I 'm late."

For a second he disappeared and then came back wearing a highly-coloured Eastern dressing-gown covered in stiff gold dragons.

We went into the sitting-room of the flat, which was furnished in a very feminine style with striped satin curtains, and spindly French settees.

" Quite a place, isn't it ? " he said, watching me eyeing the furnishings.

I was disconcerted.

" It isn't quite what I expected," I said.

And as it turned out, the job was also not quite what I expected.

HE engaged me on the spot. In fact, he never actually did engage me; he just started to dictate letters, and an hour later, having announced that he had to go away for the week-end, he thrust ten pounds into my not unwilling hand for " postage " and proceeded to dress. This consisted of

appearing and reappearing from the adjoining bedroom in various stages of undress telling me about the job.

During this time I tidied up his correspondence, which I was proposing to take home. At the bottom of his brief-case I found a great pile of letters.

" What about these ? " I asked.

" Oh, *those*," he said with a faint smile, " they 're just letters from women."

We looked at one another and laughed.

" What shall I do with them ? "

" This," he said, and dropped them into the wastepaper basket. That was the beginning of my job.

" Is there anything else you want, Mr. Donovan ? " I asked through the bedroom door.

" Don't be quite so British," he called out, " call me Tom."

I agreed to call him Tom.

" By the way, if you get in a spot over anything, you can ring me at "—he took out a small shabby notebook— " Cranley 3—it 's some place in the country."

I WAS later to get to know that number very well.

It was, in fact, the house of a Madame de Lessis. Madame de Lessis was the wife of an official in the French Embassy. What sort of job he had I never found out. I think he was something to do with commerce. Fortunately for Madame de Lessis, he spent a great deal of his time in Paris and other parts of France. In fact, what with one thing and another, and a mistress he was keeping in London, he had very little time for Madame de Lessis.

This made her unhappy. Extremely unhappy, and it was about the time that she was terribly unhappy that she met Tom Donovan. Even unhappiness has its compensations, for I forgot to say that Tom was very good-looking.

Madame de Lessis shared that good fortune. She was very handsome too. She was South American, with dark liquid eyes, and hair which, whatever its natural colour, was now a queer glinting shade, a cross between silver and strawberry. It added a fascinating note of unreality to her appearance, throwing her pale skin and full lips into relief, and making her seem like a painting by Jean Gabriel Doumergue. She had a lovely figure, which was improved still further by clothes from a famous Paris dressmaker. In fact, the whole job, as you might say, was that blending of the natural and the artificial, which is called beauty in a woman. The chills of the London winter she kept out by a nice thick coat—mink.

I need hardly add that Madame de Lessis had parents who lived in South America and owned useful things like meat-canning businesses and small pieces of old-established banks. Why she married Monsieur de Lessis I never found out, but I imagine that she was tired of being chaperoned. Before the war, well-brought-up girls in Paris lived extremely narrow lives, and it was not until they married that they were allowed any freedom at all. So probably Monsieur de Lessis was merely a key to freedom. Even rich young ladies sometimes have rather naïve ideas about marriage. Perhaps she loved him. But whether she did or not is no part of the story.

ABOUT the time I went to work for Tom, Madame de Lessis was still extremely unhappy.

" Her husband treats her like a dog," said Tom.

" Some dogs are very well treated," I replied.

" Not this one," said Tom. " In fact, I 'm real sorry for her."

At this time I had not met the lady and had only heard the tale of her woes at second-hand. There was no doubt that Tom was touched by her plight. The terrible tale of her husband's mistress, and how he actually expected his wife to entertain her, and of his neglect, made me feel upset too.

After all, if we have our sorrows who can deny that the rich have theirs ? I mean, what were my small worries about gas bills and the cost of living to compare with such a wrecked life as hers ?

Tom did not take women very seriously. Men who are attractive to, and attracted by, women seldom do. Perhaps it is that those to whom things, even women, come easily attach little importance to them. It is the unattainable fruit at the top of the tree which is the sweetest. The plums which fall off straight into your lap have little value.

And for a time Madame de Lessis was unattainable. In fact, Tom seemed quite taken. And, after I had met her, I did not blame him.

(*Continued on page 74*)

When one gets into the uncharted seas of dealing with people of another nationality none of the usual rules apply.

HER time at the hairdressers had been well spent. She was a picture straight out of "L'Officiel." Her entrance was perfect—a leading actress could have done no better

By Barbara Vise

Orchids, the most exotic and colourful beauties of the flower family, are as tough as their most humble relations and often more so. The group above includes Cymbidium Redstart at the top, the lush beauty Blc. Patbury in the centre, the glorious pansy-faced Miltonia in the foreground and the speckled Odont. Adonia

Orchids Are No Luxury

ORCHIDS, like very beautiful women are apt to suffer the penalty of their own loveliness. On a superficial assessment we tend to think of them as expensive, capricious and remote from practical qualities. But exotic women and exotic flowers are often sadly misjudged. Orchids I can vouch for as brave-hearted, hard-wearing and, as a well-known orchid grower has put it: "Once out of their tender youth it takes a certain amount of genius to kill them."

I have worn the lovely greenish cypripedium—these are the small blooms most often favoured for costume wear—on occasions when the atmosphere has been hot and heavy. At the end of the evening—or rather towards the next morning—they have been fresher than I. Furthermore I have preserved them in water for as long as three weeks after. A spray of orchids put into the refrigerator every time after wearing will reappear for evening wear a number of times over an astonishing period of time.

A spray of orchids costs anything from ten and sixpence to two guineas: the price often depends on where the flowers are bought. But, whatever it is, you can see that it is money well spent if you have a full programme with dates not too far apart and, even if you haven't, what can replace the glamour of an orchid spray?

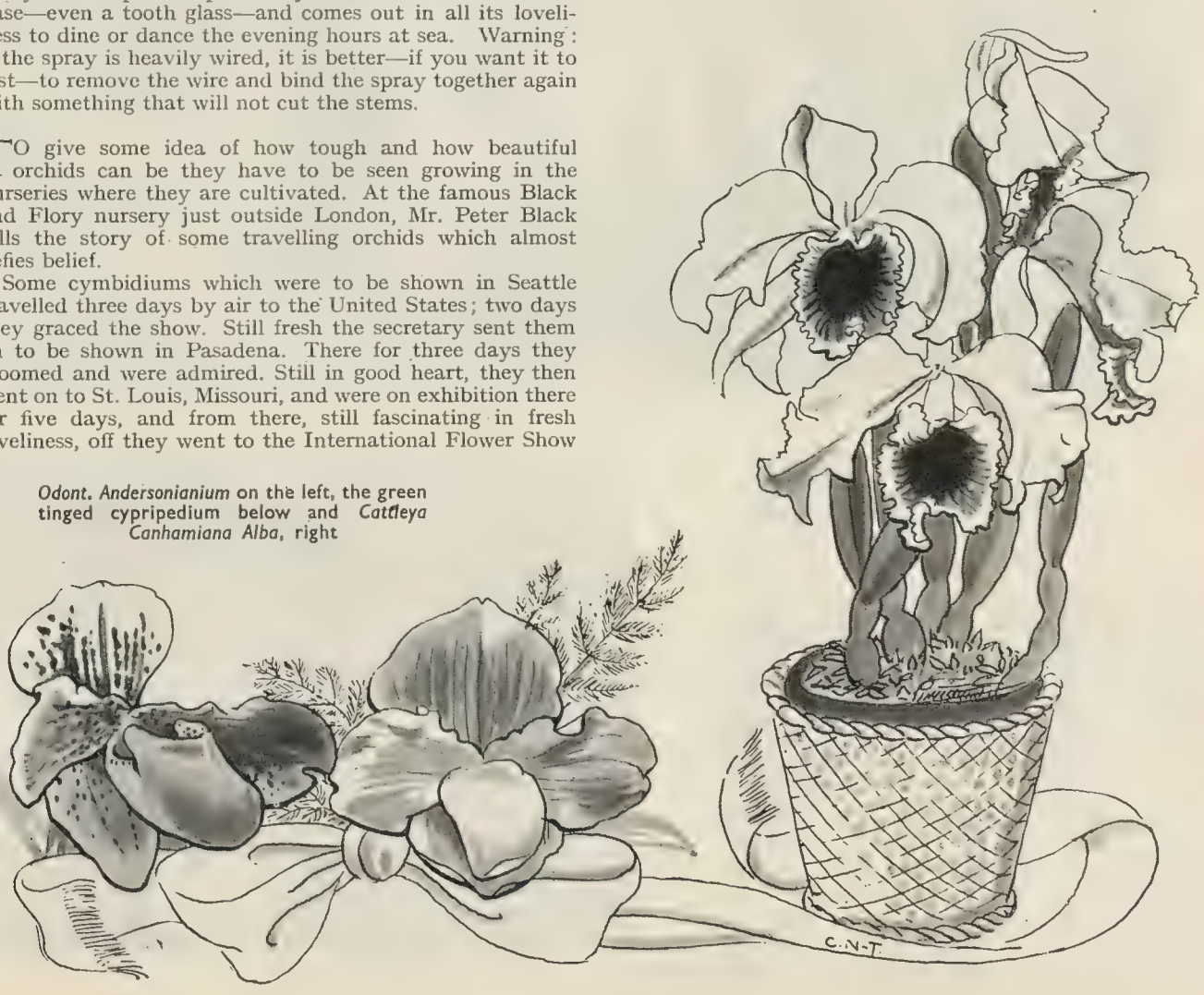
If one is making a parting gesture to somebody who is off on a long journey, remember that orchids are the perfect tribute and *practical*. A ship's cabin or a railway carriage is really no place for a large bouquet but an orchid spray shows up like a precious jewel; fits itself into a small vase—even a tooth glass—and comes out in all its loveliness to dine or dance the evening hours at sea. Warning: if the spray is heavily wired, it is better—if you want it to last—to remove the wire and bind the spray together again with something that will not cut the stems.

TO give some idea of how tough and how beautiful orchids can be they have to be seen growing in the nurseries where they are cultivated. At the famous Black and Flory nursery just outside London, Mr. Peter Black tells the story of some travelling orchids which almost defies belief.

Some cymbidiums which were to be shown in Seattle travelled three days by air to the United States; two days they graced the show. Still fresh the secretary sent them on to be shown in Pasadena. There for three days they bloomed and were admired. Still in good heart, they then went on to St. Louis, Missouri, and were on exhibition there for five days, and from there, still fascinating in fresh loveliness, off they went to the International Flower Show in New York—where they carried off a Silver Medal. Anyone who wants more evidence that orchids are tough should try that sort of trip in person—or just look at the map!

THE colour photograph on the facing page shows a few of the many varieties of orchids grown at this nursery. In the hot houses are rare plants costing as much as twenty-five pounds a piece. But there are other plants for four or five pounds each—and, apparently, anyone with a greenhouse where the atmosphere can be kept warm enough and moist can grow orchids once they are established. Some of them take as long as seven years from the time they are seeds before they flower. But the usual practice is to buy plants about two years before flowering. Then, when the big moment comes, they can be brought in from the greenhouse to dress up a dinner-party and afterwards taken back to their own living-place without any breath of harm being done.

Three pots of the crimson, open-faced Miltonias arranged in a long wire basket, their bright faces all looking one way, make a splash of handsome colour. On the plant, Miltonia flowers last for about three weeks—and the plants go on blooming year after year. Some orchid blooms last on their plants for as long as three months. Each year, after flowering, orchid plants are divided—so your investment multiplies all the time—and in 1952 (*Continued on page* 82)



Odont. Andersonianium on the left, the green tinged cypripedium below and *Cattleya Canhamiana Alba*, right

Tennis, which was only introduced to Wimbledon to revive the waning interest in croquet, proved, to the consternation of the committee, to be a far greater attraction to both the spectators and the players

(*Above*) In 1878 pat-ball on the lawn for ladies was quite acceptable, but the tongues of the critics began to wag when in 1884 women made their first appearance in serious lawn championships at Wimbledon. *Right:* The Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon in 1891 with W. Baddeley and J. Pim competing for the finals. By this time the enthusiasm for the game was tremendous

Wimbledon Side-Show

The Story Of Wimbledon Tennis

By NORMAN WYMER

JUNE . . . and on the twenty-third of the month the start of the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships.

Wimbledon and its famous Centre Court is now numbered among the most popular of all sporting events, attracting the crowds in such numbers that hundreds will willingly queue from the early hours of the morning—perhaps several times during the fortnight of play—to watch the finest players in the world competing against one another for the most highly cherished trophies.

Yet this was never intended to be so : Wimbledon rose to fame as a lawn tennis arena only by accident—and to the definite embarrassment of those who first staged the game there !

It was in 1875 that the first of the tournaments was held ; but, to begin our story, let us go back to 1867. The month is August, and a civil servant, Walter Jones Whitmore, is staying in the Gloucestershire village of Moreton-in-Marsh with his brother, the squire. Normally, there is little to do in this quiet corner of the Cotswolds, but Whitmore is both busy and happy. On his previous visits he had entertained himself by playing croquet on his brother's lawn with the wives and daughters of the local gentry. Now, in this month of August, 1867, he has mustered the neighbours together for a tournament, in which men as well as women are taking part.

It is a happy-go-lucky affair. By common consent, all play one-handed so as to allow the ladies to hold their parasols in their left hand as a shield against the sun. No one is very serious. A brother will drive his sister's ball to the far corner of the lawn whenever occasion permits ; but a suitor takes no such advantage. It is a game of spite and chivalry ; of nervous giggles and maidenly blushes. Nevertheless, it is all most enjoyable ; and when Whitmore goes on to prove the victor, he is acclaimed England's first croquet champion.

THUS were sown the seeds of Wimbledon. Throughout the following autumn and winter Whitmore busied himself with preparing new rules for the game, preparatory to staging a more elaborate tournament on Moreton cricket ground in the summer of 1868, when an entry fee of a guinea was charged and lunch was provided on the ground by the landlord of the White Hart.

This second tournament aroused such widespread interest, drawing crowds from near and far, that it was decided to form an All-England Croquet Club. Four acres of land were bought at Wimbledon and laid out in terraces ; and in the summer of 1870 the new headquarters were opened under the patronage of many noblemen.

Whereupon croquet enjoyed a vogue as never before . . . but its popularity was short-lived. A new game was soon to supplant it.

Ever since the Middle Ages tennis had numbered among the popular pastimes of the rich. But as the game required an elaborate and costly indoor court it was restricted mainly to those who dwelt in castles. In February, 1874, however, a certain Major Walter Wingfield applied for a patent "for a new and improved portable court for playing the ancient game of tennis."

"Sphairistike," he called this new version. The game was played on an oblong court, some sixty feet long and thirty feet wide at each base, but tapering down to twenty-one feet in the centre, like an hour-glass, where it was divided by a net at either end of which were arranged further short nets to act as side-walls.

THE two ends of the court were marked out in entirely different fashion. One, known as the "in court," contained a diamond-shaped space in the middle ; the other, called the "out court," was divided into three sections. A line running parallel with the net, at a distance of several feet, constituted the service line, and from the centre of this a second line extended to the base to form two courts of equal dimensions. One player stood in each of these two courts, while the server took up his position in the diamond at the farther end and proceeded to deliver the ball alternately to each.

Because the game could be played out of doors and required little in the way of equipment—and, more important, no costly court—"stickey" at once found favour as a form of amusement to be enjoyed in private gardens. Here, however, the dimensions of the court had to be determined by the whereabouts of fruit trees and flower beds ; and the players varied the rules to suit their peculiar conditions.

"Stickey" as such was as a bird of (*Continued on page* 69)

It is a happy-go-lucky affair. By common consent all play one handed so as to allow the ladies to hold their parasols in their left hand

The Freshening Wind

EVEN from the foot of the wide, curving stairs, Kit could hear the concentrated roar of Elsa's party. She hesitated and the trim maid said, politely: "Shall I announce you, madam?"

Kit shook her head: "Don't bother, thanks, I know the way." Slowly, almost reluctantly, she began the long climb, her gloved hands slipping over the polished banisters. The rooms at the top of the tall, Regency house were mere attics but Elsa had managed to give them an enviable originality.

Kit smiled faintly. She had met Elsa at an alarming literary luncheon given in her honour, and somehow Elsa had annexed her. An overwhelming person, large, egotistical—kind. Elsa was dramatic critic on an evening paper and it was her witty, scintillating notice that had first sent the enlightened to the little suburban theatre where her play was given its first try out.

From that day onwards Elsa had pushed her along, setting the pace, keeping her name in the news. She knew everybody, had her finger on the pulse of every place

STORY BY
LAUREL PASCAL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDWARD OSMOND

EVEN from the foot of the wide, curving stairs, Kit could hear the concentrated roar of Elsa's party

that mattered in Town. This club was going down—that restaurant was being ruined by the wrong people. The smart place to go, Angel—the very only place was. . . .

It was all a new and rather bewildering jargon to Kit. For twenty-eight years she had been a nonentity—six months was such a little time in which to get used to being a Somebody. She smiled to herself. She would probably get used to her new status just in time to get shot down. For it was hardly likely that she would write another successful play. Don had always declared her talents to be strictly mediocre.

The stairs were rapidly losing in importance and

Their two lives craved a spread of sail and an off-shore wind to set them on the right tack

gaining in steepness. "Six floors up," Elsa would boast, "but worth it when you get there. The view from the roof-garden is really something, precious."

The noise of the party was now so overpowering as to stultify thought. Kit felt panic rising inside her. It wasn't too late to retreat. She could plead sickness, a headache. . . . That was her old sense of insufficiency at work. "Self-confidence, that's what you lack, my dear," Don had said, "it shows in everything you do."

Was that still the truth? Were the critics wrong—Don still the real judge of her future, as he had been of her past?

THE last few steps, and through an arched doorway she could see a tightly packed room, the usual well-dressed crowd, with a sprinkling of celebrities, that Elsa always managed to collect. Everyone talking, no one listening. All with glasses in their hands, party smiles on their lips.

The crush, the noise, the heat . . . panic turned to a black flood of despair but she forced herself to go on. Several people stopped talking to stare at her curiously and someone said, quite distinctly ". . . per-fect-ly charming. . . ."

It helped, that tribute from an unknown man. Her back straightened and she pushed her way through the crowd to the little bar where Elsa, in shimmering green satin was helping serve drinks.

"Darling precious—you're late!"

For a fleeting moment she was engulfed in an embrace and a cloud of Chanel 16. Elsa's dark eyes approved her black velvet cocktail suit, her cap of sequins, her extravagant golden slippers. "Bang on, sweet!" she whispered in Kit's ear.

KIT grasped the crystal glass that Elsa pushed her way and drank eagerly. Champagne cocktails, iced, heady and delicious. A glow went through her. Even when Elsa said loudly: "This is Kate Merritt, author of the best play in Town," she felt not embarrassed but amused. After all, who was Kate Merritt but a poor little butterfly enjoying her one brief hour in the limelight?

The sea of anonymous faces moved into focus, assumed identity and meaning. There were introductions, compliments, praise—and then a quiet voice saying at her shoulder: "I've seen your play three times."

She turned to him thankfully. He was a big, restful person with dark eyes alive with intelligence and humour, dark hair touched with grey. He said, smiling at her: "Shall we try some air?"

Kit took his arm and he piloted her masterfully through the crush. "Hi, there! you two tramps!" Elsa cried after them, indignantly, "Come back this minute!"

"Shall we be a little deaf?" he suggested, looking down at her.

"Stone deaf," Kit said, firmly.

THE roof garden was cool and shadowy, lit only by reflected light and a slim young wand of a moon. They leaned on the stone parapet and gazed down at the feathery tops of the trees in Hyde Park. After an oddly companionable silence they plunged into book talk, theatre talk. Kit was on her own ground and forgot to be shy.

"How did you start?" he asked.

"In advertising. Writing copy."

"So did I. For tonic wines and fertilizers."

His name was Robert Nicholls. He was writing his fourth novel, dramatizing the first for radio. He talked well, but he also listened. He gave Kit the comfortable feeling that she had known him for years. He said suddenly: "Are you married?"

"I was. . . ."

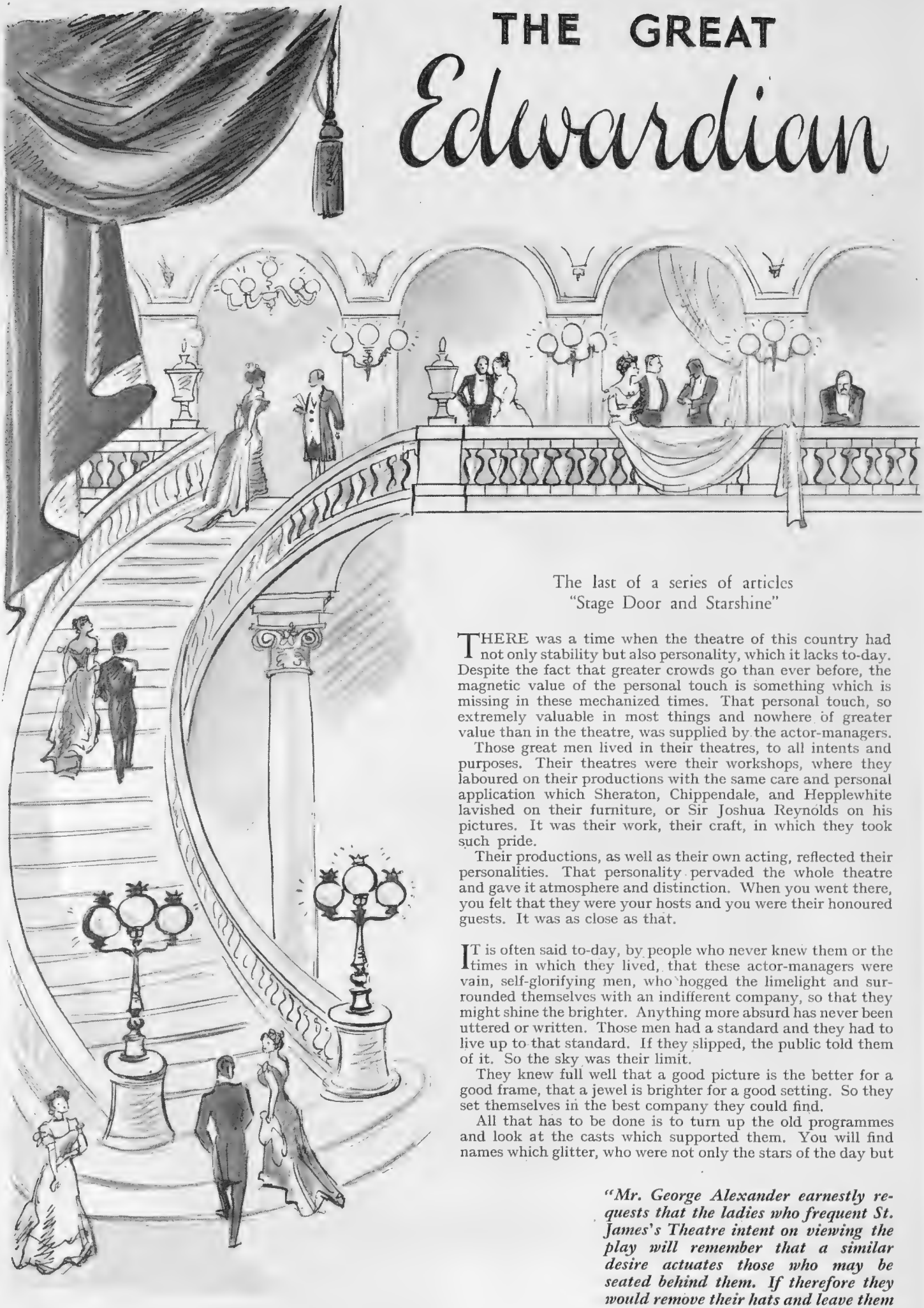
SHE was twenty-two when she first met Don—a dreamy girl with a mind stored with poetry and romance. Within six months they were married. Their first home had been a small flat in Earls Court, of which Don had the best room for his exclusive use. His study where he would write the best-seller that was to put them both on Easy Street.

Instead the study became a place where Don could retreat when they both got in from their jobs at night. There he would stay, reading or dozing with his feet on the desk while Kit cooked supper.

Her own writing Kit did in snatches. Lunch-hours or during the evenings when Don was (*Continued on page* 64)

THEY walked off arm in arm down the silent street. The party had been a great success

THE GREAT Edwardian



The last of a series of articles
"Stage Door and Starshine"

THERE was a time when the theatre of this country had not only stability but also personality, which it lacks to-day. Despite the fact that greater crowds go than ever before, the magnetic value of the personal touch is something which is missing in these mechanized times. That personal touch, so extremely valuable in most things and nowhere of greater value than in the theatre, was supplied by the actor-managers.

Those great men lived in their theatres, to all intents and purposes. Their theatres were their workshops, where they laboured on their productions with the same care and personal application which Sheraton, Chippendale, and Hepplewhite lavished on their furniture, or Sir Joshua Reynolds on his pictures. It was their work, their craft, in which they took such pride.

Their productions, as well as their own acting, reflected their personalities. That personality pervaded the whole theatre and gave it atmosphere and distinction. When you went there, you felt that they were your hosts and you were their honoured guests. It was as close as that.

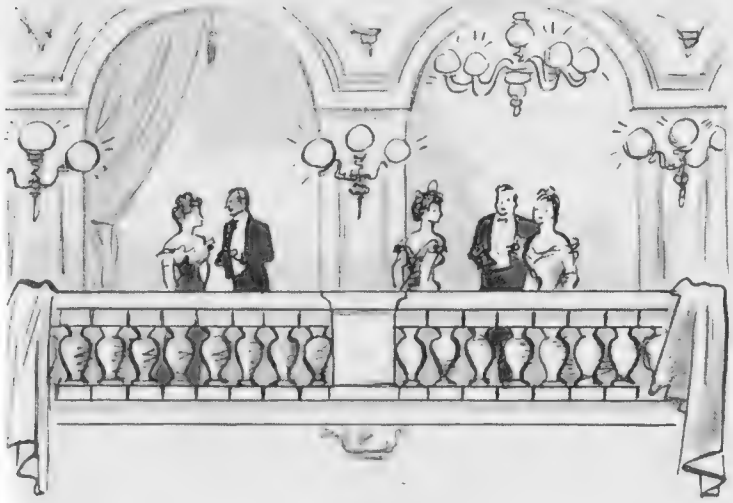
IT is often said to-day, by people who never knew them or the times in which they lived, that these actor-managers were vain, self-glorifying men, who hogged the limelight and surrounded themselves with an indifferent company, so that they might shine the brighter. Anything more absurd has never been uttered or written. Those men had a standard and they had to live up to that standard. If they slipped, the public told them of it. So the sky was their limit.

They knew full well that a good picture is the better for a good frame, that a jewel is brighter for a good setting. So they set themselves in the best company they could find.

All that has to be done is to turn up the old programmes and look at the casts which supported them. You will find names which glitter, who were not only the stars of the day but

"Mr. George Alexander earnestly requests that the ladies who frequent St. James's Theatre intent on viewing the play will remember that a similar desire actuates those who may be seated behind them. If therefore they would remove their hats and leave them

Actors



By W. MACQUEEN-POPE

the coming stars of to-morrow. So far from checking talent, they searched for it and when found, they gave it every chance.

Naturally as a general rule they played the leading rôles, because that was what the public wanted to see. They were the darlings of the public and that public was not to be cheated. The public made the star system, and will always make it. It obtains to-day just as strongly, if not more so, in the films than in the theatre even of yesterday. It is the living proof that the great art of the theatre is individuality—and the damping down of individuality by the predominance of the producer is the great fault of our theatre to-day.

THOSE actor-managers knew all about it. But frequently, when they found something of real gold, they would stand down in their own theatres and give the new man or woman all the limelight and centre-stage he or she wanted. They all did that, not just one or two of them.

The standard of acting then was very high indeed. This was because the theatre was a full-time job. You had to be a good actor—or get out. There was no B.B.C. or Television to which to run and earn some extra guineas. There was no such thing as films as we know them now. Not a bit of it. If your acting was not up to standard, out you went and did something else.

Nowadays, all too often, the theatre is simply a place in which to spend some time between making pictures—and that goes for too many of the best people of to-day—a play, something to be sandwiched in between a series of broadcasts, and for the young, a place where the aspirant may be seen by a film talent scout, ready to offer the larger publicity and fees of the cinema. You do not get a great and brilliant theatre that way, such as this country possessed in the days of the actor-managers.

(*Continued on page 76*)

in the cloakroom specially provided for the purpose, for which there is no charge, they would be conferring a favour not only upon the management but upon their fellow members of the audience."

From a programme at St. James's.

Charles Wyndham

Lewis Waller

Henry Ainley

Lilian Braithwaite

H. Beerbohm Tree

Ellis Jeffries

CO-RELATED COLOURS

If you want advice on your own beauty problem, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2

Beauty by Chrysis

IN summer, the principles of tonal harmony between clothes and make-up are doubly important, for the range of summer hues is wide, and bright sunlight does full justice to subtle variation or daring contrasts of tone. This is the season of colour adventures with fashion make-up.

Cosmetics have brought about a revolution in the conception of which colours "suit" the wearer and which do not. It is now virtually possible for any woman to wear almost any colour, though an indiscriminating range of colour is not to be recommended. Changing the whole natural colour scheme in order to accommodate one fashionable shade—and it must be all or nothing to be totally successful—has too many ramifications to be an everyday practice. Far simpler and just as effective is to cultivate a liking —which often comes instinctively— for the colours which become you.

The factors involved in the old-fashioned term "suit" are complicated, although the results are obvious. Shades which suit the wearer enhance the colour and depth of the eyes and flatter the skin tone. There is something to it of absorption and refraction. Women with strong natural colouring can more readily wear the "difficult" colours. The range of colours becoming to the pale complexion with little natural colour is usually more restricted because these skins tend to absorb adjacent colours, an effect which can be disastrous with lime greens and acid yellows.

PRACTICALLY speaking, natural skin tones should not be changed, whatever the colour worn. It rests with the choice of lipstick and nail varnish to create a colour harmony between make-up and clothes. Lipstick must be regarded as a fashion accessory and used as such. The same principle which applies to the choice of handbag, gloves or scarf to tone or contrast with the dress, applies to the choice of nail varnish and lipstick.

It is possible to *match* lipstick exactly to reds and pinks; lips can *tone* with the dress as when a blue-red lipstick is worn with blue; or the lipstick can *contrast*, for example a flame lipstick with leaf green. Accessories so often give the cue to make-up. A pink rose trimming to a hat, a dash of scarlet in a scarf, a bronze red belt matched exactly with lipstick and nail varnish integrate the ensemble to a harmony of tone. The red of the print dress in the illustration has been matched exactly with Max Factor's Blue Red No. 3 lipstick and Blue Satin Nail Enamel.

The *character* of the colour is another guide to choice of make-up. Summer pastels are best complemented with pinky tones. For the brunette, pastels should be worn with a sharp pink lipstick. On fair and white-haired women the pink should be pastel, for example Gala's Heavenly Pink lipstick and nail colour which the blonde in pale blue is wearing here.

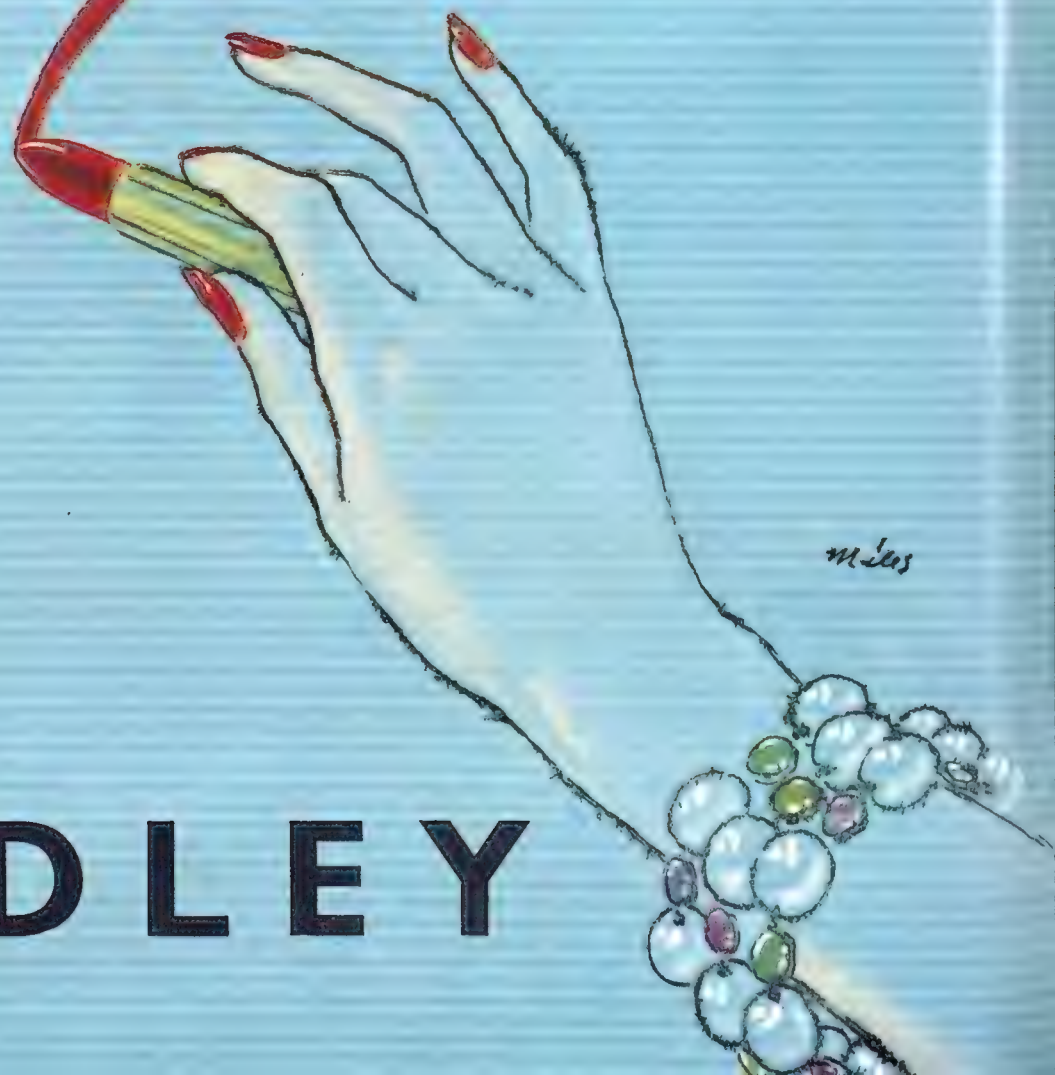
Strong primary colours demand a strong contrast. A pure, clear red is always effective with black, white, royal blue and bright green. But, of course, make-up is always dictated by accessories if they are in the red tonal range. Flame with white needs flame lipstick; tobacco brown with black, this season's fashionable team, calls for chestnut red lipstick and so on.

THIS summer's fashion colour, yellow, is a difficult colour for many people to wear. Yellow tends to rob the complexion and eyes of colour, so that only women with strong natural colouring will find it becoming. Even then, make-up must be vivid, with a warm skin tone and lipstick a full red, toned with yellow. The artist's natural eye for colour allies Yardley's "Vivid" lipstick and Cutex Fire Engine Red nail polish to the yellow in the illustration.

Bright Red...

exciting new shade

by



YARDLEY

Books:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

MEN who live dangerously can usually tell a good yarn. After his exploit of *Ill Met by Moonlight* W. Stanley Moss returned to Crete to bag another German general but was betrayed by Communists and narrowly saved his life. His next assignment was with an Allied Mission in German-occupied Macedonia working with the Greek Resistance *andartes*—to blow up a bridge over the Aliakmon River, among other projects which went wrong. As a Yank naval lieutenant observed: "The Keystone cops have got nothing on this set-up. It's a pantomime." Having campaigned in Macedonia myself, I can endorse Mr. Moss's amusing presentation of the Gilbertian aspects of the job, especially in relation to the voluble Greek general, Melas, who spiked a plan to attack Agra Station with air support because it might mean losing some of his men. A parachute drop into the Siamese jungle to take the surrender of Japs on the Malay border rounds off **"A War of Shadows"** (Boardman, 12s. 6d.) which is entertaining, exciting, and—*pace* the killing of German prisoners—occasionally grim, but good reading right through.

LT.-COL. ORESTE PINTO'S thirty years' adventures—partly with the French Deuxième Bureau and M.I.5—have been in Counter-Intelligence, thwarting enemy spies; and his best story in **"Spycatcher"** (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d.) concerns the tracking of Dutch Resistance double-crosser Christian Lindemans, so huge that he was called King Kong, who betrayed our plan for the Arnhem drop, cost us 7,000 Red Devil casualties, and probably lengthened the war by at least six months. These revelations abound in dramatic, astonishing incidents, and he shows why, apart from "Mlle. le Docteur" in the first World War, women do not make good spies.

BACK in the thirties Charles Thayer joined the U.S. Embassy staff in Moscow; and I have chuckled over its farcical dealings with the various Planning Board Trusts—Soviet officialdom gone crazy—the escape of performing seals from an Embassy party, and an air-trip with Vishinsky which was so cold that he and Mr. Thayer began boxing to keep warm and started a free-for-all among the rest of the party. Incidentally, a secret "mike" was found in the plaster wall of the Ambassador's office, and another Ambassador actually found one in the wall between his and his wife's beds—"a most delicate and deserved tribute to the dominating personality of the . . . wife." **"Bears in the Caviar"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) is a brilliant close-up of life behind the Curtain.

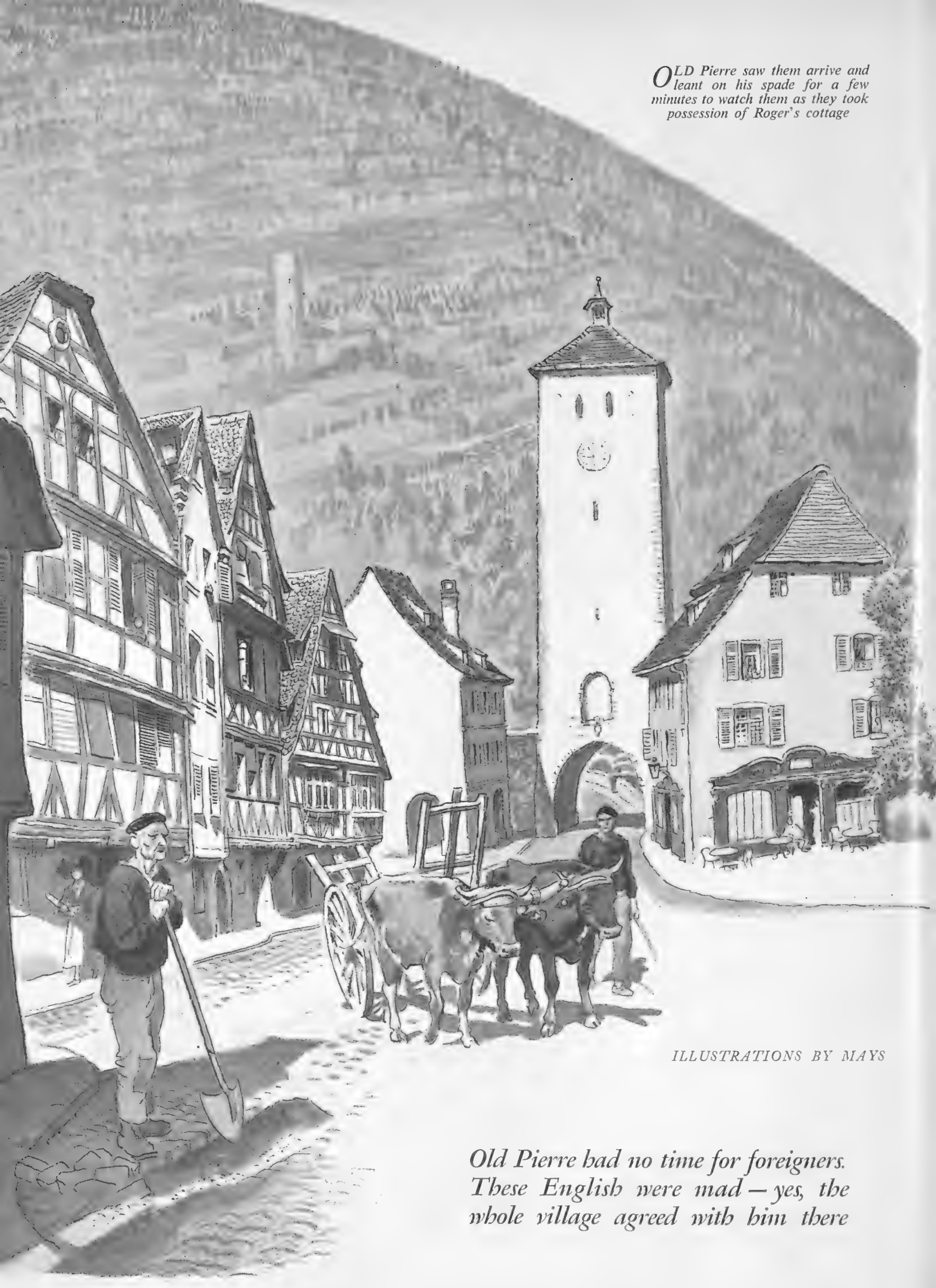
ADVENTURE for Constance and Harmon Helmericks meant trekking over the Brooks Range of Alaska, shack and igloo camping among the Eskimos of Beechy Point on the Arctic Ocean, and hunting seal and caribou. Those who read *We Live in Alaska* and *We Live in the Arctic* will know the hardy sort of story to expect in **"Our Summer with the Eskimos"** (Museum Press, 18s.), which tells of a little-known people.

A RETURN to Sandakan in Borneo can be an adventure when you have lived through the war experiences of *Three Came Home*. Agnes Keith gives an intimate picture of the resettling with husband and small son in **"White Man Returns"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) and of the changed conditions—especially in the strained relations between natives and whites—since she wrote *Land* (*Continued on page* 84)

HAPPY YESTERDAYS

AT Stanway Lady Mary Elcho was one of the most brilliant and generous hostesses of the pre-1914 era. Her daughter, Lady Cynthia Asquith, grew up in a circle which included, as friends and guests, such impressive personalities as H. G. Wells, the Webbs, Charles Whibley, Prof. Walter Raleigh, A. J. Balfour, Lord Hugh Cecil, Lady Desborough. The background was the traditional country house of the time with its squad of servants to minister to people who had the money and leisure to make of social living and talking a fine art—not always, of course, without attendant snags and boredoms.

Lady Cynthia portrays them with charm in her second volume of memoirs, **"Remember and Be Glad"** (Barrie, 16s.). Her mother was elegant queen of a vanished world which affords us glimpses of Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lady Bonham Carter as young girls. Later we meet celebrities like D. H. Lawrence, in whom Lady Cynthia saw the genius and gentleness rather than the reputed violence. I should be surprised to meet any intelligent woman who did not greatly like this wise, graceful, civilized book, written in an easy style exactly suiting its subject.



OLD Pierre saw them arrive and leant on his spade for a few minutes to watch them as they took possession of Roger's cottage

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYS

Old Pierre had no time for foreigners. These English were mad — yes, the whole village agreed with him there

The Strangers

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By BETTINA BRUCE

IT was in July that the madman and his wife came to the village. Old Pierre saw them arrive and leant on his spade for a few minutes to watch them as they took possession of Roger's cottage. So here they were! The village had been talking of them for weeks and Pierre himself had reproved Roger for letting the cottage to such a couple. An Englishman! Pierre had seen one or two Englishmen during the war and had not liked them. One could not understand what they said when they talked and laughed among themselves. And they ate strange food out of tins and did not go to Mass. Anyway, all the world knew that the English were mad. And the wife—she was a Frenchwoman and, they said, a *Parisienne*.

Pierre shook his head. He did not approve of people from towns, and from Paris. . . . He had heard about Paris and did not approve of that either. But Roger had explained that this mad Englishman was willing to pay good money for living in the cottage for three months and—what would you? Times were hard.

Pierre watched them as they went to and fro between the cottage and the car. The man was tall and Pierre saw him striding up to the cottage carrying cases and parcels while the girl ran backwards and forwards, laughing and chattering like a child. Presently the shutters were flung open at one of the upstairs windows and she was looking out at the mountains and the village street.

"It's heavenly, darling," he heard her call in French to her husband. "The most wonderful place." Heavenly, indeed! It was just the same as it had always been. There were the mountains with the trees growing up their slopes; there were the red-roofed, gabled houses with the rounded hump of the Ballon D'Alsace behind them. There was nothing wonderful about that, was there? Pierre spat contemptuously and returned to his work.

If the village had talked of the strange couple before their arrival, it certainly talked of nothing else when they were established in Roger's cottage. Jeanne, who worked for them as *femme de ménage*, now took an hour to get from one end of the village to the other, for she had become an important person. She alone could give the latest news of their eccentricities.

Undoubtedly, said Jeanne, they were mad; it appeared that the man was writing a book. In fact it was already half done and his wife had told Jeanne that he had come here to finish it in the right atmosphere. What could she mean, the right atmosphere? Ah, said Jeanne, that was just it—the book was about their country, about Alsace! About Alsace—but what did he, a stranger, know about Alsace? And why write a book about it? They, who had been here all their lives, did not write books; why should he come into their village and write about it? What does he write? Tell us that, Jeanne, what does he write about us?

But here Jeanne had to admit that she did not know. She had tried hard to find out, but all she could find were papers covered with writing in some foreign language. English, that would be, of course, he was writing an English book about their country! It should not be allowed! Yes, said Jeanne, he sat there all day, tapping away on his writing machine. Sometimes as she worked he turned and looked at her, but as if he was not really seeing her at all, and sometimes he would tell her to open the window.

THEY were always opening windows, letting in the sunshine to spoil Roger's furniture and creating draughts which would surely kill them one day. They even, said Jeanne, slept in a room with the shutters open all night! They were mad, oh without doubt they were mad, said the village.

They were not only mad, said old Pierre, they were dangerous. That woman with her flimsy summer frocks and her cropped hair! The village girls were always going into Mulhouse and coming back to show off in wisps of coloured stuff, and now they would not rest until they had

imitated her with her naked shoulders. It was disgusting! Why could they not keep to the decent black that women had always worn? If they must dress up—they had their time-honoured costume for Sundays and fête days. But they were abandoning the old costume with its shawl, its layers of lace and its dignified head-dress with the great black bow.

SOMETIMES the woman would come and sit sketching near Pierre as he worked. She drew pictures of the mountains and the trees and the vineyards, and sometimes she even drew Pierre himself! The impudence of it! She would sit there sketching, painting sometimes, and she would try to inveigle Pierre into conversation. But Pierre was not having any of that—oh no! He had lived among enemies too long not to be able to hold his tongue.

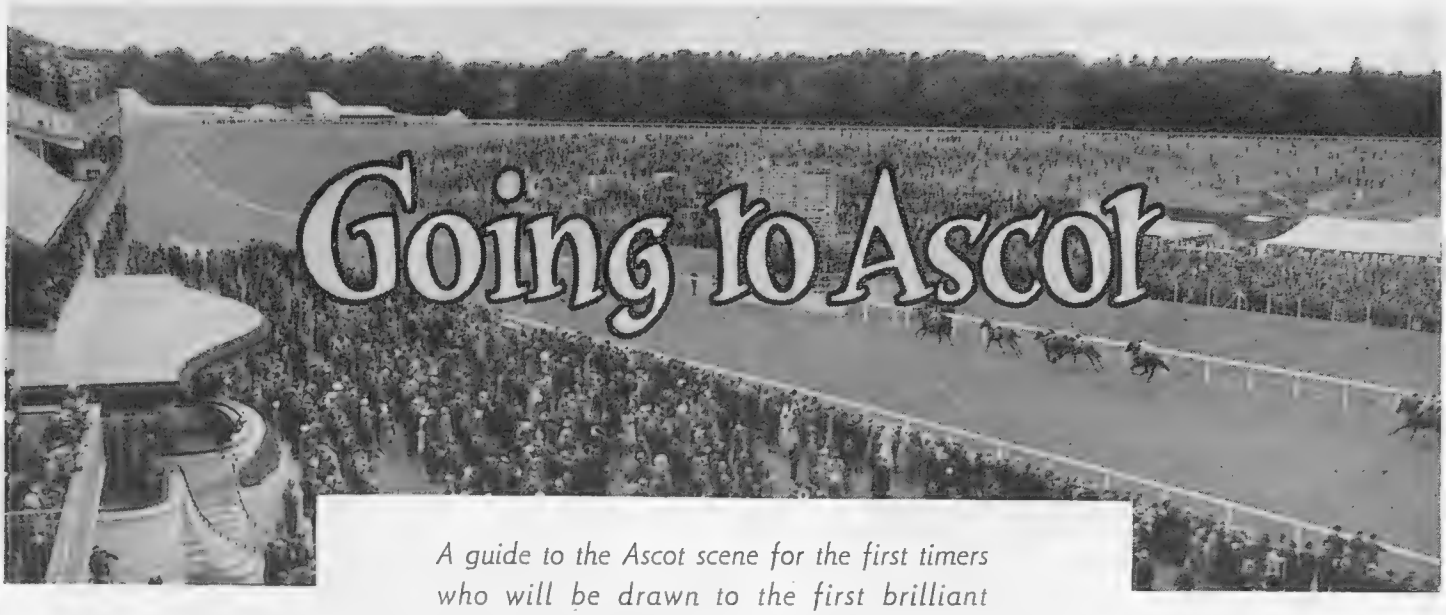
Why, when he was a child, and right up to 1918, Alsace had belonged to the Germans. Or so they imagined, the *sales Boches*. They never succeeded in making the people anything but French, though they tried hard. Pierre had been to the village school when it was forbidden to speak French.

He had learnt German as his native tongue, but Maman had seen to it that he spoke French too. Maman had taken advantage of every moment when they were safely shut up in the house to instil into the children her fierce hatred of the Germans. She had taught them not to listen to what they were taught in the school. Pierre had grown up with a stubborn resistance to outside influences which was to stay with him all his life. The young strangers, in their attempts to get into conversation with Pierre, came up against the obstinate reserve that had been built up as a defence against Prussian attempts at domination.

Sometimes the writer would leave his cottage to stroll across the fields and, passing Pierre at work in his fields or among his vines, would pause to comment on the young grapes or the prospects of the harvest. Pierre had no use for people who wandered about during the day, when all the world was at work, people who had nothing better to do than hinder honest men. His replies were monosyllabic and soon he would remember a job that would take him as far away as possible and had to be done at once.

THE strangers had been there over a month when the Mirabelle harvest was gathered in and the fête started. The drink made from the small yellow Mirabelle plums is dear to the hearts of the people of Alsace and the neighbouring Lorraine, and the week of processions (*Continued on page* 63)

AT last he was out of the forest and the light of the golden moon showed him meadows and vineyards. It showed the steep roof and carved gables of the houses, one with the twigs of a stork's nest showing black against the moonlight



Going to Ascot

A guide to the Ascot scene for the first timers who will be drawn to the first brilliant social event of the new Sovereign's accession

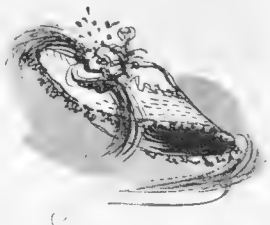
ARE you going to Ascot this year? If not, we will lay ten to one that your reasons for not doing so are simply that you've never been before, and are kept away by a feeling that it is all much too expensive and luxurious. You've seen the newspaper pictures year after year—those dauntless ladies (sometimes in the rain) wearing chiffons and eccentric millinery. This has led to the notion that Royal Ascot is a function attended only by sartorial lunatics with more money than sense—a completely wrong impression of a four-day race-meeting at which "astonishing" outfits are the very rare exception rather than the rule.

You, like Cinderella, should and can "go to the ball," if only for the reason that Royal Ascot, like Henley, is one of the prettiest sights which Britain can afford. It is not the sole prerogative of the "*haute monde*"; it has a variety of pricing which allows anyone to go. And it is not necessary to dress up like a Christmas tree—all the good fashion magazines have been campaigning for years to establish simplicity as the best fashion philosophy for Ascot. If you go, you will see something to enchant and excite you—an outdoor function in a beautiful flowery setting, very lovely to look at, very gracious, very English. And to crown it all, the thrill of the moment when, in the June sunshine, the Royal Family sweep down the course in a great cavalcade, and the Queen joins her people in a day's racing.

ROYAL ASCOT this year is from Tuesday, June 17, to Friday, June 20. Gold Cup Day—the most crowded of them all—is on Thursday, June 19. Getting to Ascot presents no problems—there are many trains and buses, and very adequate parking accommodation for your own car if you decide to drive down.

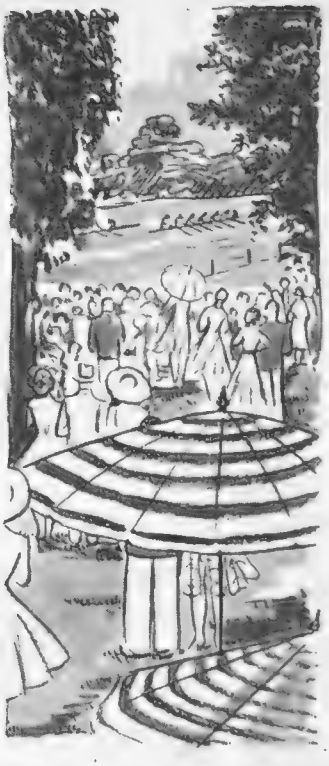
We will assume that you have decided to go, but that you don't plan to be in the Royal Enclosure, although it is undoubtedly the place to see the Royal Family, the celebrities, and the clothes. (If you *had* wanted to be in this Enclosure, you would have applied to H.M. Representative at the Ascot Office in St. James's Palace for a voucher, and when this was forthcoming your entrance fee would have been £10 for a man or £7 for a woman for all four days.)

You however will probably have decided that you want to be in the Grand Stand, where you can have seats or boxes and complete safety from showers, and be free to wander in the Paddock and study your horses, jockeys and owners at close quarters. Here, you can place your bets with the bookmakers in the famous Tattersall's—or on the Tote, if you prefer it. The entrance fee to the Grand Stand is £1 10s. each on Tuesday and Friday, and £2 each on Wednesday and Thursday. There are several bars, if you feel that a glass of champagne is needed to celebrate your winnings, and you can have an excellent meal in the Balcony Luncheon Room in the Grand Stand, or in the Paddock Luncheon Room for about ten or fifteen shillings. Your wine of course will be extra. But from this you can see that you get all the excitement of racing in a lovely setting, the splendour of a brilliant occasion, the delight of looking out for much-photographed faces, good food and drink, and the chance of winning on a lucky shot, for the price of an average evening out in the West End.



IF you just want to see the racing, but can't afford very much to do it on, you can still go to Ascot. The Silver Ring offers you a partly-covered stand (without seating) various inexpensive luncheon rooms and cafés, bars, the Tote, and a fine view of the proceedings, for an entrance fee of 8s. on Tuesday and Friday and 10s. on Wednesday and Thursday. You won't see celebrities here (although you can always watch for them before you go in, as they arrive at other entrances) but you *will* see a great many people having a lot of fun. This is the "popular" way to go to Ascot—and a very comfortable and entertaining way it is too. If you (*continued on page* 69)

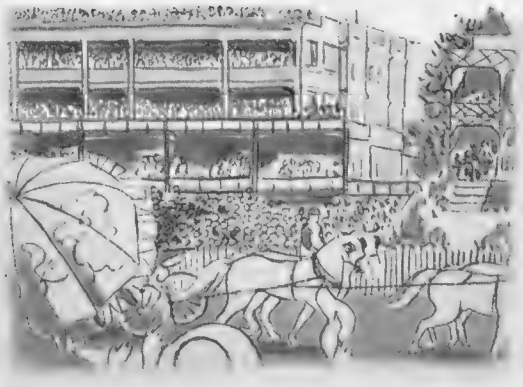
Important Occasions



Finely pleated black silk chiffon, mounted over sheer white with a moulded bodice, diminished waist and wide neckline edged with white guipure lace. A gown for the dressiest summer occasion which will adapt itself to informal evening wear. *(Rahvis—The Little Room)*

June launches the season of summer outdoor events; Ascot, Henley, Wimbledon, the great fashion gatherings and the alibi for pretty new outfits. The ultimate test of a party gown to-day is that it should be elegant and yet adaptable to the needs of a practical wardrobe.

NYLON, the crisp, wearable and most sought after of summer fabrics. The little black gown above with balloon sleeves is pleated and fastened in front—shirt-waist fashion—with tiny pearl buttons. Black patent belt (*Wallace*). *Rima's* softest jersey, above right, draped to emphasize the waistline has a cascading side panel. The perfect dress for uncertain summer weather. In silver grey, mushroom beige.



A COTTON sundress which the bolero converts to formal afternoon wear. The design gives the effect of lace and is printed in black on white. The top trimming is black (*Horrockses*)

Date with

With an appointment made she arrives and is introduced to the hair stylist. He studies her hair and suggests a style. This is the right moment to stage her own preferences.

After the cutting, the shampoo girl conducts her to the shampoo-room. She will be asked what kind of shampoo she prefers and she can have a plain one if that is what she wants. On the other hand, if the hair is in need of a reconditioning shampoo, or a friction, the shampoo girl will suggest it. A plain shampoo is 6s. 6d., reconditioning shampoos are up to 12s. 6d., and a friction, which is given after the hair has been shampooed, is 6s. 6d. Then back she goes to the central dressing table where the stylist sets and pins up the hair.

A Stylist

A VISIT to a West End hairdressing salon is not a commonplace to us all, but increasing numbers of women are finding that as an adventure in hairdressing it pays good dividend. It may be, too, a revelation to discover what a first-class stylist can do with hair which has always seemed intractable.

First-class styling is, of course, more expensive than a visit to a local hairdresser. But once a style has been created which suits your appearance and tastes, it can be reset by the local hairdresser between visits to the stylist. This is where good cutting plays so vital a part. If the hair is cleverly shaped, the original set will last longer, it will be a simple job to re-set and the hair can easily be dressed at home, because the hair will follow the lines of the style.

For those who have not visited a West End salon, we are taking a newcomer through the important stages in the creation of a hair style to suit the hair and features. The stylist is Charles, the salon Elizabeth Arden's Hair Shop at 25, Old Bond Street, London.

When the hair is set, she then moves to
the other side of the salon,
where there is a row of comfortable
seats with fixed driers above them.
She can have coffee served to
her if she wishes,
she can have a manicure,
read a magazine or
just relax and watch the
fascinating Hair Shop scene around her.

The hair dry, she returns to the dressing-
table for the final touches.
The hair is brushed vigorously and
then combed into its new coiffure.
The shampoo girl hands her the
bill, which is 12s. 6d. cutting,
6s. 6d. shampooing, 7s. 6d. setting,
total 26s. 6d., which she pays
at the desk before going to the
cloakroom for her coat.
It is customary in many salons to tip the
stylist and the shampoo girl,
in this case 3s. to the stylist and
1s. to the shampoo girl.
But Elizabeth Arden disapproves of the
principle and here you are
neither expected to tip, nor will you
offend if you do.

Country Letter

FOR some days past I have heard the welcome sound in my chimney—a miniature thunder of wings—that tells me the swallows have once again found their way from Africa to my Essex cottage. From now onwards it will be swallow-music until the end of summer, cool and companionable as the song of a brook. No doubt there will also be untoward incidents, as when, one day last summer, the female bird unaccountably flew down the chimney instead of up. There she was, pinned to the curtains like a broach, her sharp wings folded over her blue back, her eyes anxiously watching me. I cupped her in my hand, opened the window and let her go; whereupon her mate swooped down to join her, jubilantly singing, and they flew away together over the young green wheat.

Or there was that other day when a midsummer storm tumbled nest and nestlings down the chimney, and I found the helpless youngsters scattered on the hearth, only their gaping yellow mouths revealing them among the soot and debris.

Mercifully such tragedies are unusual. In reasonable confidence now I can look forward to that morning, later in the month, when I shall see the whole family perched on the telephone wire, close as beads on a thread, taking their first lessons in fending for themselves. With a bright call the parent birds will flash up into the air, enticing the youngsters after them and scouring the sky for insects which they will feed to the fledglings whilst still on the wing. And all the while they will twitter and sing, seeming to enclose the cottage in a net of delicately spun music that is for me the very song of June.

* * * *

Swallows—and wild roses: these I would give as my choice of June favourites. Looking for the first wild rose is part of the ritual of the seasons, like hearing the first cuckoo or picking the first dish of garden peas. "Seven weeks now to harvest!" we say when we have spotted it, somewhere about the first of the month; and before many days are over there will be roses everywhere, spraying over the grass verges and lolling over the furrows, as lovely, if they were not so common, as any sold in the shops.

It is not generally realised how many kinds of wild roses there are. Sowerby lists seventeen, from the Common Dog Rose, pink as the dawn, to the white Burnet Rose. Nor must the Sweet-briar be forgotten, proclaiming itself by the fragrance of its leaf, especially in the evening dews. You may ask the wily countryman in vain where it grows: he knows but will not tell. The only way is to wander round the fields at dusk and let your nose guide you. One reason why it is less common now is its popularity with the nurseries as a stock for budding: it gives the rose a sweeter perfume.

A neighbour of mine, a farmhand, used to make quite a little nest-egg by budding the best briars he came upon as he went the round of the fields, and selling them. Sometimes, for the fun of the thing, he would leave them growing by the wayside, to the astonishment of passers-by in summer, who exclaimed to see such gorgeous roses blooming in the hedges.

* * * *

At one period my 300-year-old house was a couple of cottages, each backing on to the central chimney-stack From time to time I gather queer scraps of information about the folk who lived in these cottages. There was old Frank Saunders, for instance, who, with his wife Lindy, occupied the smaller of the two. Frank and Lindy belonged to the days when, with farm wages round about 10s. a week, a cottager's pig was just about his best friend. At any rate, it seems that Frank used to keep a cosset pig under the stairs in the room where I am now writing this, and Lindy made a jacket to keep it warm. There would be nothing very unusual in this: I know another old couple who took their little pig to bed with them one cold night—and unhappily overlaid it. (*Continued on page 82*)

BY
C. HENRY WARREN.

18TH-CENTURY MODERN

THIS small eighteenth-century house in London's Chelsea was acquired by Miss F. Blackett Gill in 1938. It was then a two-storied house, with kitchen and dining-room below street-level. Since the war Miss Gill has added another floor, giving a second bathroom, a studio bedroom and a small kitchenette, making this section of the house self-contained.

The top floor is furnished in the contemporary style while the remainder of the house has eighteenth-century furnishings. Throughout this bijou residence there is a feeling of spaciousness which is sometimes lacking in small houses of the period, but this effect has been carefully nurtured through the alliance of good taste and careful planning.

Lime green with coral and deeper red combine to make a distinguished colour scheme in the sitting-room. This room, of which the two ends are shown in the pictures on the right and below, was once two. Cream walls and ceiling set off the clear colouring of furnishings and some distinguished paintings by John Lake and Chirico.

18TH-CENTURY MODERN

French blue-green wallpaper of Regency pattern and draped curtains at the long French casement, which opens into a tiny paved garden, are in candy-pink and white. This harmony of clear, delicate colours make a lovely setting in the dining-room for the rich polish of the fine Regency furniture.

Left : A miniature entrance hall leads through a glazed door into the sitting-room. The white-painted screen is decorated with coloured French costume prints of the eighteenth century.

Left, below : In Miss Gill's studio bedroom a corner divan bed is flanked with a padded chintz head and sideboard in lime green. The print curtains and bedspread are white and green.

Below : In the same bedroom a modern light oak desk is topped with parchment and rows of inset bookshelves are built above a concealed radiator. Chair seats are off-white leather.

Silver stars scattered on a cream ground paper the pretty guest-room walls. The bed-head which makes a book-shelf is the same pale pink as the woodwork everywhere. The bed-cover of patchwork chintz which Miss Gill made herself shows a medley of carefully toned colours against a rose damask surround.

Another view of the guest room shows the long, beautifully-proportioned windows with their candy-pink and white chintz curtains flanking a dressing-table with a large mirror which throws back enchanting reflections of a delicate scheme.

Miss Gill's own top-storey bedroom, of which a general view is seen below, is well lit by wide casement windows which open on to a small balcony with space enough to sit among the tub flowers which bloom there.

18TH-CENTURY MODERN

The house has two bathrooms. The one photographed above is white-tiled, with lemon-yellow porcelain fittings, white-lined chintz curtains and a mirror-topped table for toilet accessories.

The studio bedroom is designed as a place for Miss Gill to work and relax. Cupboard space is provided by the long, built-in wardrobe and by the limed oak cupboard which stands between the wardrobe and the bookshelves.

Below, the charming nursery for the young relations and friends whom Miss Gill delights to entertain has a striped wallpaper, sturdy built-in furniture and accessories to delight young visitors to a house which provides them with the rare privilege of a private and personal domain.

CUTTING OUT PROBLEMS

Many good needlewomen who would like to make their own clothes are deterred by the difficulties of pattern reading and cutting out. This is understandable enough, as the final fit of the garment depends so much on the initial stages of dressmaking. This article by Joan Bamford, an expert dressmaker, discusses using a paper pattern.

HOME dressmaking is not the bogy it appears if you are prepared to take the time and trouble carefully to master the details that will give you a good technique.

First equip yourself with a simple outfit of the necessary tools; as in everything else, this is essential. A really sharp pair of cutting-out scissors need not be expensive, and will last a lifetime if you guard them against family usage for string and paper, etc. (mine are firmly kept for cutting out *only*). A box of steel pins is well worth having. The home dressmaker all too often finds herself short of pins and resorts to a collection of safety-pins and darning needles. A tape-measure, some chalk, and, of course, a sewing-machine are needed, but if you have no machine of your own and do not care to borrow, Singers lend theirs out on hire at a fixed charge for one month of 30s. They will deliver and collect these electric sewing-machines that leave both your hands free to guide the sewing, or they supply hand machines where there is no electricity available.

IN the early stages of home dressmaking it is best to start on a simple frock, blouse, or skirt, and when you have mastered your subject, you can embark on jackets, or a tailored wool frock.

Choose your pattern first; one of the really good makes of pattern in a simple style. (Ask the shop assistant's advice about the size you require.) The yardage required will be on the pattern envelope. It is very important indeed to choose a fabric that suits the style you have selected. However attractive the fabric and the style are, if they are not complementary to each other and chosen with the thought of them as a whole, you are doomed to disappointment.

For instance, a style with pin tucks will not work out in a thick or heavy material, and a crisp taffeta is quite unsuitable for a draped frock, and so on. These obvious examples illustrate the importance of this point.

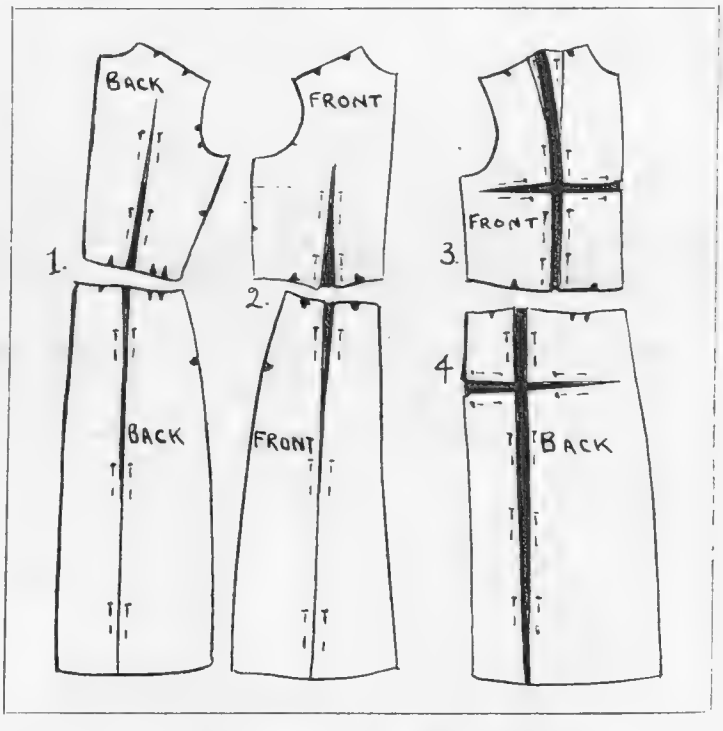
Perhaps you are a lucky mortal and can get a paper pattern which fits perfectly everywhere. But for figures which are not of stock proportions a pattern with the right bust size will not necessarily be correct for hips, or the waist may be too low, and so on. Certain alterations are indicated in the pattern instructions, but where these are not shown, the diagrams here may help you. Generally speaking, the alterations may be needed at the waist, bust or length, but you may have a special need, possibly wide shoulders, and so on.

The charts in the pattern envelope are well worth most careful study, both for possible suggestions for altering to fit you and also, of course, for cutting out. They appear rather confusing at first with so many alternative suggestions, and it is quite a good plan when you are reading them through, to ring round the ones that apply to you, in coloured chalk, for instance, the cutting-out chart that applies to your width of material, and the alterations you need to make in measurements, etc. May I stress here that one needs absolute quiet concentration for these early steps; they are worth your most careful attention.

HAVING studied the chart, undo the pattern and examine it carefully. You can pin it together and try it on in front of a glass, or measure it flat and compare your body measurements. The pattern measurement at the bust should be quite 4 ins. larger than the body measurements (without turning allowance). At the hip-line it should be at least 3 ins. larger and a plain sleeve 2 ins. larger than the largest part of the arm above the elbow. If you want to change your pattern, note the alternative measurements on a piece of paper as you go along.

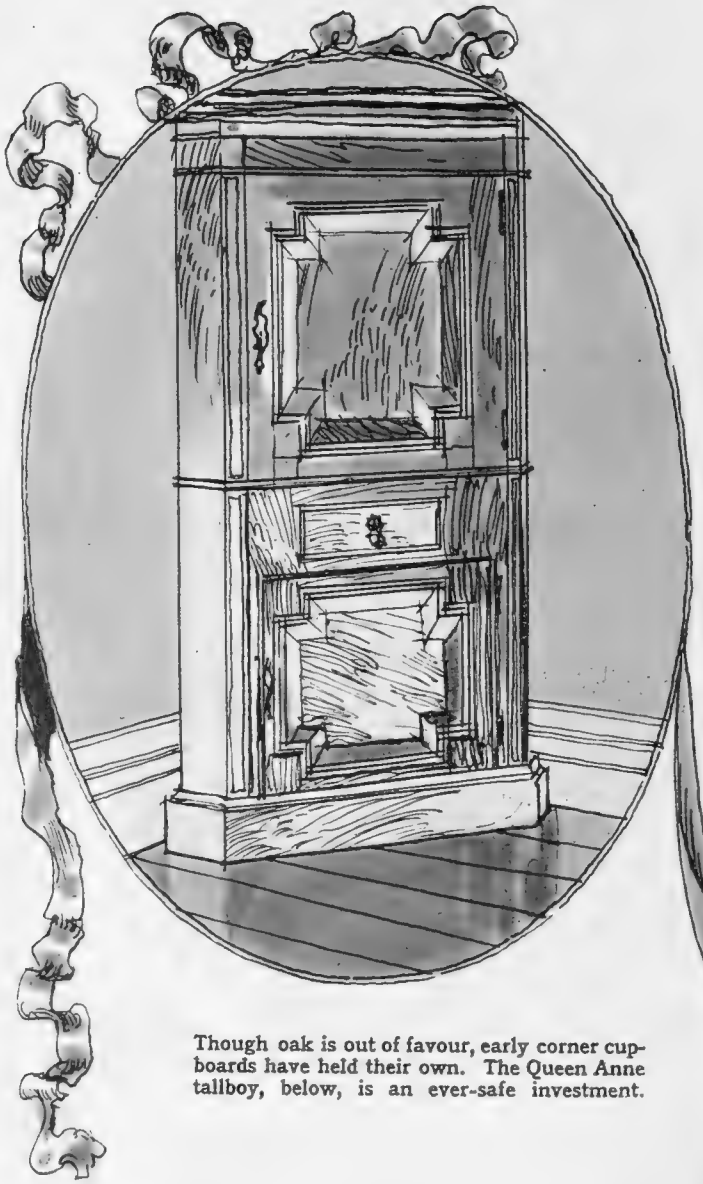
You will see how to carry out the required alterations to the pattern by the diagrams either here or in your pattern chart. To enlarge, slash across the pattern at the points shown, according to requirements, and pin each side of the slashed pattern to a strip of paper, as far apart as your notes show. If you are making the pattern smaller, take in a pleat instead of inserting extra paper, at the same points. When the alterations are completed, pin the whole pattern together and try it on in front of a glass. You will be able to get a good idea if it will fit you this time, and the adjustments you will have to make when you fit the garment will be greatly simplified by this preliminary planning.

WHEN you are satisfied that the pattern is the right size, unpin it (not the slashed parts, of course; these remain as altered) and turn again to (*Continued on page 83*)



Diagrams showing how to enlarge a paper pattern:
1 and 2 show pattern with waist enlarged.
3 with bust enlarged.
4 with seat enlarged only. The front of the skirt remains unchanged for this.

Antiques



Though oak is out of favour, early corner cupboards have held their own. The Queen Anne tallboy, below, is an ever-safe investment.

MANY questions are put to the antique dealer, but the one which most often crops up is: "What pieces should we invest in to-day that offer a reasonable possibility of increasing their value?"

It is pretty generally understood now that different periods of furniture, like everything else, have their vogue. Some of the things that our grandparents bought and valued are not prized to-day, and some which are not highly thought of at present may be much sought after a few years from now.

Fifty years ago, oak and satinwood were fashionable, and no furniture later than 1800 was worth considering. The word "Regency," now so significant in connection with furniture, was then unheard of, and included in the despised "early Victorian" period.

As our own century advanced, so Regency increased its worth in the eyes of collectors. Now Victorian follows suit. So good early Victorian furniture takes an honoured place in expensive antique shops, but note the qualification *Early*.

It can be seen that there is a time-lag of 100 to 150 years between a new generation and its appreciation of an earlier style.

To collectors with moderate incomes, I say stick to plain, sizeable, well-proportioned furniture, whatever period it may be. The elaborately carved and decorated pieces have always offered the most temptation to fakers. If they are genuine, they are beyond the average pocket.

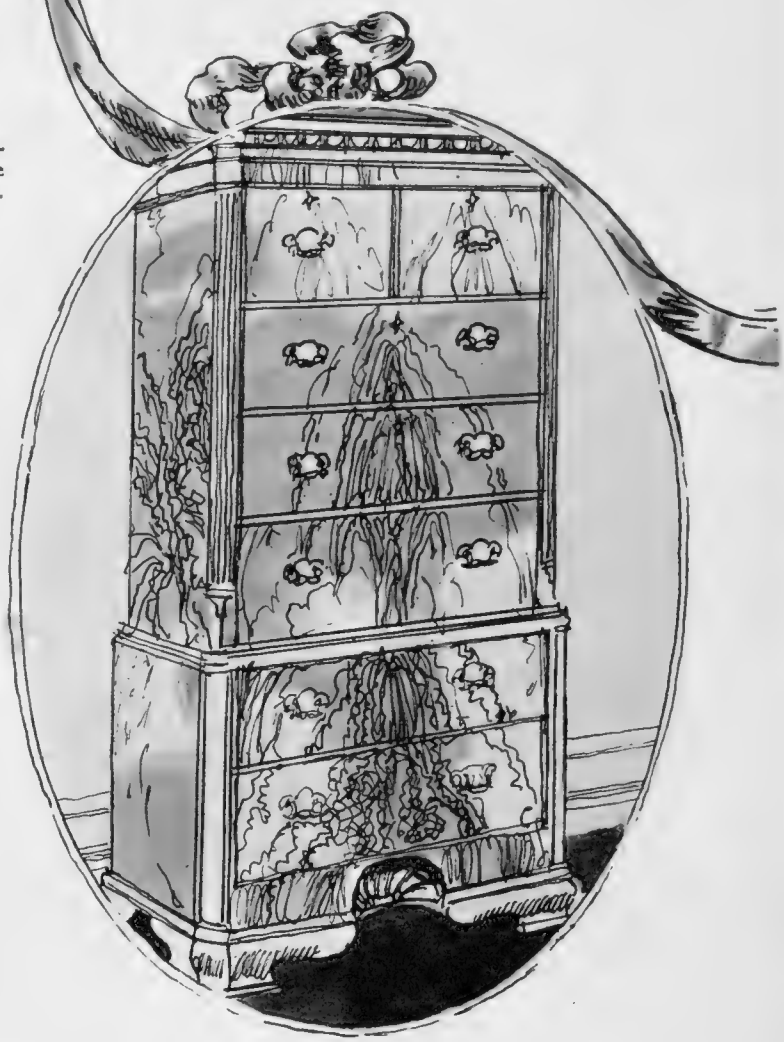
Resist the temptation of buying a large piece because it is cheap. If you move into a smaller house and want to sell, the monster will almost certainly fetch less than you gave.

SOME country houses seem to demand oak furniture, but in general oak is out of fashion; so buy it for a particular personal use, but not for investment. When you want to sell it again, try to do so in parts of the country, like Wales or Yorkshire, where oak is native and maintains a market value.

I once worked in an antique shop in New York where a whole floor of excellent oak which no one ever looked at had been left high and very dry by the tide of fashion, so perhaps my views about oak have been coloured by this. Nevertheless, oak pieces are not fancied ones at the moment.

Domestic walnut is a more hopeful proposition for, although not now very fashionable, it will always keep its value, and walnut chests of drawers and tallboys are a sound investment. These tallboys fetch high prices and should be viewed very carefully if they appear cheap. It is wise to get a written guarantee of the authenticity of the piece if you have any doubts.

Early Georgian mahogany is usually dark and heavy, and unless one finds just the right piece for a particular



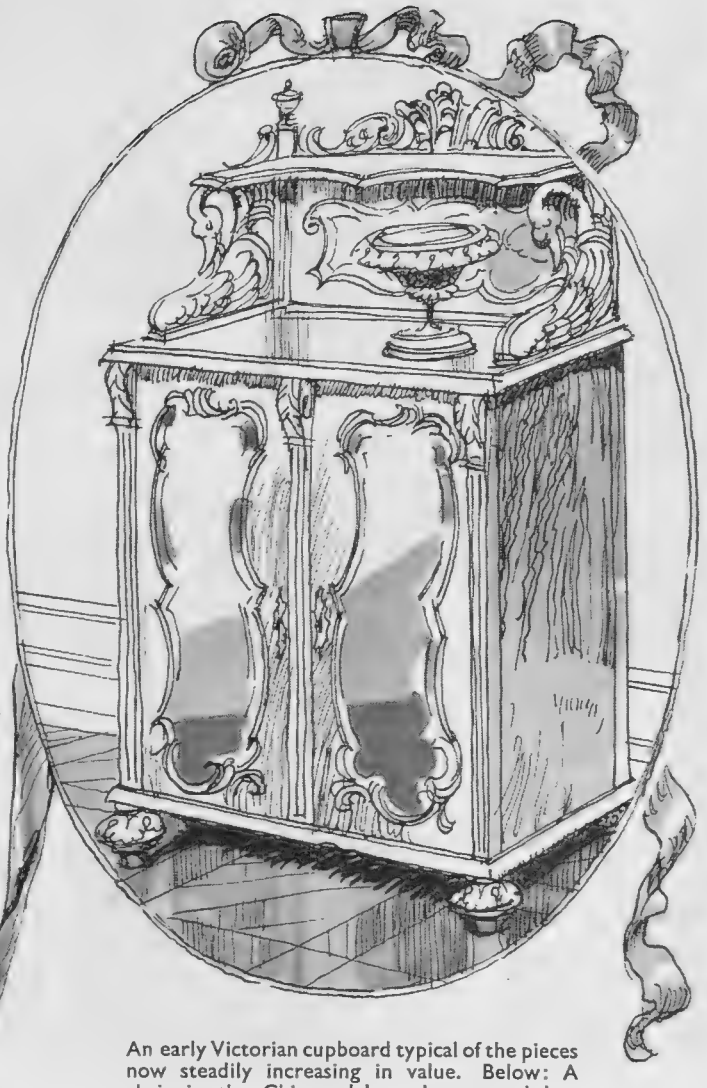
For Investment

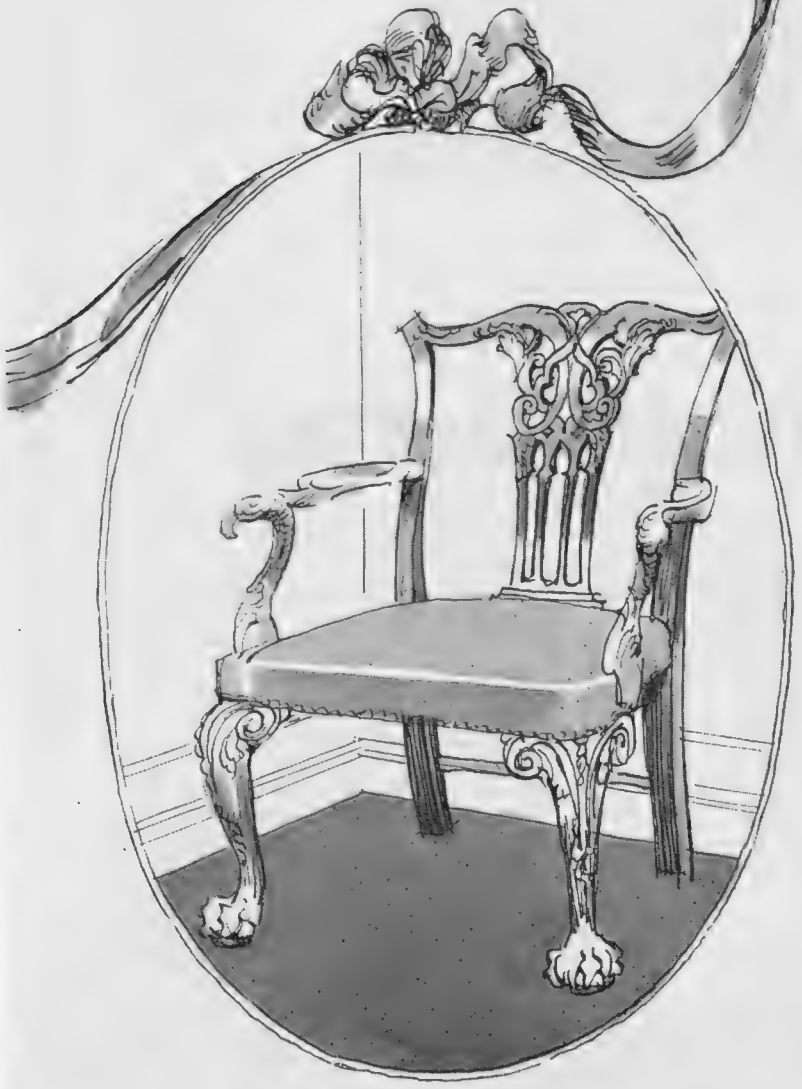
spot it is better not to be tempted by its imposing appearance. For this reason these pieces should be reasonable in price. They *are* valuable, but not popular because of their size. Buyers don't appear in droves to snap them up.

They will, however, turn up to make tempting offers for late eighteenth-century mahogany if it is small and pretty. Furniture in the style of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton is popular and expensive and shows every sign of remaining so while we continue to live in small houses. These pieces cannot be bought inexpensively and they are so much sought after that a real bargain is a small miracle. Nevertheless, if you can get them at the *right* price, if not a low one, always buy. Among its many virtues are those of infinite variety, elegance and the proportions suited to small houses. It is the kind of furniture, in fact, which everyone wants and will continue to want.

AS built-in cupboards are now *de rigueur* in most establishments the gentlemen's clothes press is a piece of furniture which often goes cheap. It has sliding shelves enclosed with doors above and below. They are among the larger pieces but worth getting if you have room in your house, because they will probably increase their value though they are not very popular at the moment.

Painted furniture and satinwood was made during the later eighteenth century and was highly thought of towards the end of the Victorian era. It afterwards suffered a decline in favour but with other pieces of the same time is worth buying to-day, for satinwood will always be admired by discerning collectors.





An early Victorian cupboard typical of the pieces now steadily increasing in value. Below: A chair in the Chippendale style—a good buy wherever it can be found at the right price

The term "Regency" is now the magic password in the world of antiques. But be careful not to be taken in by a Victorian carcass tricked up with Regency detail. If you find a genuine piece at the right price and of the simpler style, snap it up quickly.

The clever thing now is to buy small, simple early Victorian pieces of good colour. These should be not later than 1850 and still in the tradition of eighteenth-century cabinet making. It was later in the Victorian era—after the Exhibition in fact—that furniture became heavy and, what we now think of as "typical."

Little sideboards and chiffoniers of this era are charming, the chairs delicate and comfortable.

If you have a taste for the later Victorian pieces, for instance the type of cupboard with elaborate inlay and slender columns at the corners (the period is about 1876) you could hardly go wrong in buying them for their value will almost certainly appreciate.

Black papier mâché furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl is already quite costly, but it is well worth buying.

In short, if money is an important factor in your collecting, invest in the later pieces if they are small, well proportioned, not too overladen with applied carving and detail.

SAM BEAZLEY

IT can never be wrong to have a short-sleeved jersey laid up for uncertain days of summer. This one has novel triple button fastening and a neat stand-up collar. The original was worked in pearl grey fastened with red, grey and yellow buttons.

The materials required are 8 oz. Sirdar Majestic Wool, 3-ply, shade No. 359; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 13 needles; and 24 small buttons, 8 in each of the three colours. Working at a tension of 9 stitches and 12 rows to 1 in. measured over the stocking stitch on No. 12 needles, the jersey fits a 34-in. bust and is 22 ins. long. The tension must be adhered to to give a perfect fit

Button-through Jersey

BACK

Cast on 136 sts. on No. 12 needles and do not knit into back of work. Work in st.st. for 22 rows. Turn over work horizontally and k. tog. 1st st. of row with 1st st. of cast-on row. Continue in this way to end of row, thus forming a small hem.

P. 1 row.

Dec. at each end of next and every following 6th row 7 times in all (122 sts.).

Change to No. 13 needles and continue until work measures 7 ins. from beg.

Change back to No. 12 needles. * Inc. at each end of next row. Work 3 rows without shaping.; rep. from * 8 times (140 sts.).

* Inc. at each end of next row. Work 2 rows without shaping; rep. from * 11 times (164 sts.).

Inc. at each end of next 12 rows (188 sts.).

Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows (220 sts.). Continue on these sts. for 8 rows. Inc. at each end of next and every following 8th row until work measures 20¼ ins.

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 20 rows. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining 36 sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 84 sts. on No. 12 needles and work in st.st. for 22 rows. Make hem as for back. P. 1 row.

* **Next row.**—K. 1, cast off 3, k. 12, cast off 3, k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Next row.—P. 64, cast on 3, p. 12, cast on 3, p. 1.

Work 4 rows st.st.*; rep. from * to * twice, but on first rep. working p. 63 on first p. row and on second rep. p. 62 on first p. row.

Now work 12 rows st.st., taking 2 tog. at end of first and seventh rows.

Now rep. from * to * twice, working p. 59 at beg. of first p. row on first rep., and p. 58 at beg. of first p. row on second rep. (77 sts.). Change to No. 13 needles.

** **Next row.**—K. 1, cast off 3, k. 12, cast off 3, k. to end of row.

Next row.—P. 58, cast on 3, p. 12, cast on 3, p. 1.

Work 4 rows st.st.** Work 12 rows st.st.

Continue in this way, working 2 buttonholes followed by 4 rows without shaping 3 times (18 rows) and then 12 rows st.st. throughout front of garment (8 groups of buttonholes in all).

(*Continued on page* 80)

The Fashionable Bolero

BACK

With No. 12 needles and green wool, cast on 89 sts.

1st row.—(K. 1, w.fd., sl. 1 purlwise, w.bk.) 44 times, k. 1.

2nd and 4th rows.—P.

3rd row.—K. 1, (k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1 purlwise, w.bk.) 43 times, k. 2. Rep. these 4 rows (afterwards called "patt.") 6 times (2½ ins.), break wool, leave on needle.

BACK (right sleeve)

With No. 12 needles and green wool cast on 3 sts.

1st row.—K.

2nd and 4th rows.—Cast on 2 sts., p. to end.

3rd row.—Cast on 2 sts., k. to end (9 sts.).

Now work in patt., starting with row 1, and cast on 2 sts. at beg. of every row, until there are 43 sts. Inc. at beg. of every row until there are 65 sts., then cast on 2 sts. at beg. of all p. rows and inc. at beg. of all k. rows, until there are 110 sts. Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 p. rows and inc. at beg. of 2 k. rows (118 sts.). Cast on 4 sts. at *end* of last k. row, join on the back and work in patt. across the 89 sts. on other needle (211 sts.).

Note.—Make sure the patt. is correct where the sleeve joins the back; if necessary, work 2 sts. tog.

Continue working in patt., dec. at beg. of every k. row until there are 200 sts., then dec. on every row at sleeve edge. When there are 75 sts., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 k. rows (51 sts.); 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 k. rows (19 sts.). Work 1 row. Cast off.

Work left side to match, reversing all shapings, i.e. for "k" read "p", etc.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles and green wool, cast on 16 sts. Work in patt., casting on 4 sts. at beg. of each k. row, until there are 44 sts., then cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 k. rows (56 sts.), then 2 sts. at beg. of next 3 k. rows (62 sts.). Break wool at end of k. row, leave on needle.

RIGHT SLEEVE

With No. 12 needles and green wool, cast on 3 sts. Work in patt., inc. at beg. of all rows until there are 27 sts. Inc. at beg. of all p. rows and cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 9 k. rows (54 sts.), then (1) inc. at beg. of next k. row, and (2) cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next k. row. Rep. (1) and (2), (still inc. at beg. of all p. rows) until there are 68 sts., then cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 p. rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 p. rows, 4 sts. at beg. of next p. row, still keeping the (1) and (2) inc. on k. rows. You now have 88 sts., ending with a p. row. Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 k. rows, and 4 sts. at beg. of intermediate p. row (98 sts.). Now dec. at beg. of all p. rows, and cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 k. rows (104 sts.). At end of next p. row, cast on 4 sts., then p. across 62 sts. of front. Continue to work in patt., casting on 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 k. rows (and dec. at beg. of all p. rows) (171 sts.). Inc. at beg. of next 19 k. rows, still dec. at beg. of all p. rows, finishing with a p. row.

Next row.—Cast off 3 sts., patt. next 6 sts., cast off 8 sts., patt. to end. Work in patt., dec. at beg. of all rows (casting on 8 sts. to complete buttonhole on next p. row) until there are 143 sts. Dec. at beg. of p. rows 3 times more and then dec. on every row at this end; at the same time, dec. at end of every other k. row 8 times (102 sts.). Work straight at neck edge, still dec. on every row at sleeve edge until there are 50 sts. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next p. row; 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 p. rows (24 sts.); 8 sts. at beg. of next 3 p. rows. Work left front to match, reversing all shapings, and omitting buttonhole.

COLLAR

With No. 14 needles and black wool, cast on 54 sts. Work in g.st., dec. at beg. of every 2nd row until there are 32 sts.; at beg. of every 4th row until there are 18 sts.; every 6th row until there are 12 sts.; every 8th row until there are 3 sts. Cast off. Work another similar piece.

CUFFS (both alike)

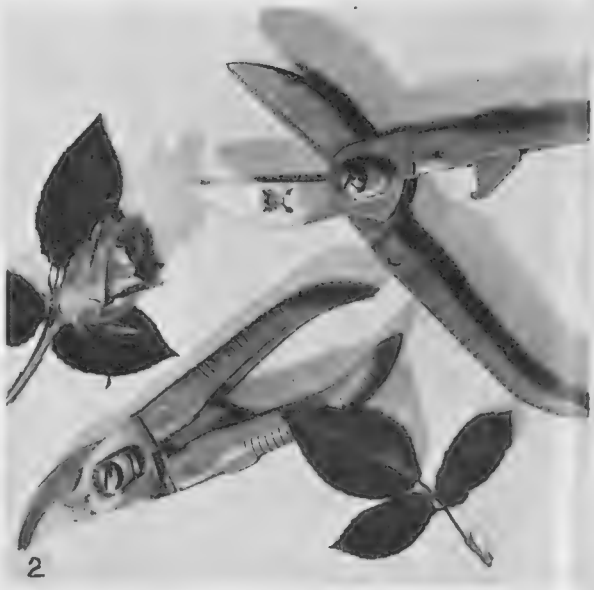
With No. 14 needles and black wool, cast on 44 sts. Work in g.st., dec. at beg. of every 2nd row until there are 22 sts.; every 4th row until there are 16 sts.; every 6th row twice (14 sts.). Work straight for 3 ins., then inc. (on same edge as dec.) in next and every 6th row following 8 times (22 sts.); every (*Continued on page* 80)

The bolero has already been proved a practical little garment to wear over summer cottons on chilly evenings, and this season appears as a fashion in its own right. This bolero is designed to fit a 34 to 36 in. bust. The original was in lime green and black, with interesting self-covered buttons, green on black and black on green. It takes 8 oz. of Templeton's "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch Fingering in lime green shade, No. 2379, and 2 oz. in black; two pairs of No. 12 needles, one pair of No. 14 needles and five button moulds. The tension should be 13 rows and 9 stitches to 1 in., measured over the pattern

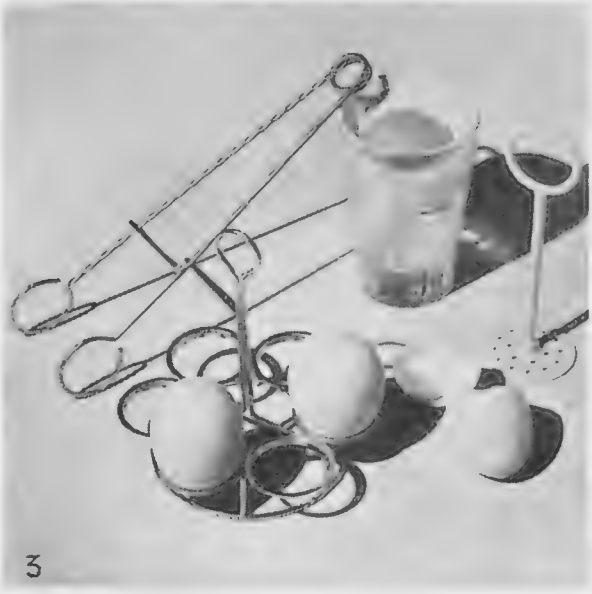
Margaret Sharp

Shopping For You

1. A chain or medallion belt, a lapel dagger ornament or a medallion to hang from a leather belt add individuality to an outfit for a small sum. In dull bronze or silver, metal finish belts, 10s. 6d. and 14s. 3d., lapel dagger, 4s. 3d., medallion, 2s. 11d.



2. Two useful gardening tools, a pocket pruner and a flower gatherer. They are both stainless, lightweight and rust-resisting, 12s. 6d. and 15s. 6d.



3. Tomado egg tongs, 1s. 3d., and egg boiler, 4s., prevent breakages when boiling eggs. The Speediwork vacuum egg whisk, approx. 2s., automatically separates egg whites and reduces egg beating to a simple action.

4. The Onco vegetable chopper, 9s. 6d., will chop onions, etc., quickly and without smell or tears. The sturdy Nutbrown non-electric foodmixer, 24s. 11d., clamps on to the table for cake beating.

5. With a Linex letter balance, letters are weighed by balancing with the coloured knobs on the handle, each knob representing so many ounces letterweight. Price 3s. 8d.

6. This Smith's nursery alarm clock, £1 3s. 6d., is painted with a farmyard scene and the hen pecks as the seconds tick by. There is also a musical clock which plays a tune instead of ringing the usual alarm bell, 4 gns.

If you would like to know where items mentioned on these two pages can be bought, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to Margaret Sharp, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2.

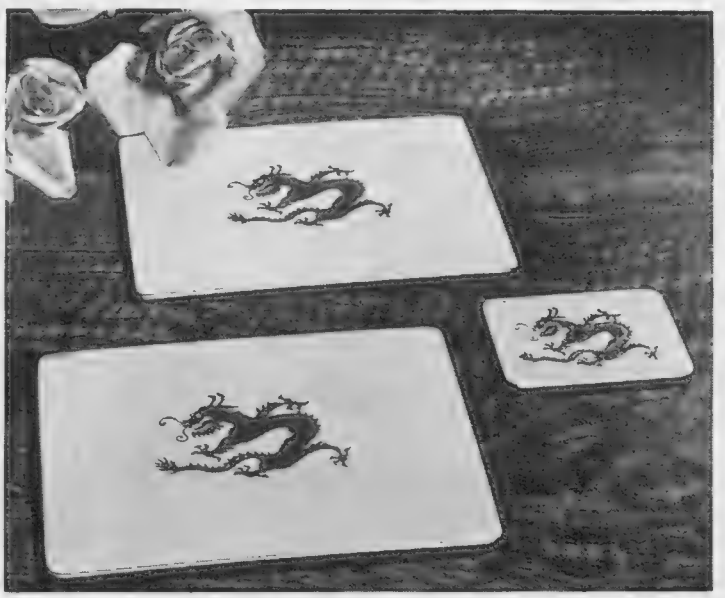
YOU can make yourself independent of porters on your holiday this year by travelling with a "Portable Porter." This clever wheeled device is compact and light enough to slip into a pocket. All you have to do is strap it on and the case or trunk can be pushed along on rubber wheels. It is strong enough to take even a weighty case. Price 26s. 6d. from the Army and Navy Stores.

LINRESTA fitted sheets, with one end shaped to fit over the end of the mattress, ensure real bed-time comfort, with no annoying wrinkling and untucking. These sheets are made in single and double bed sizes in the tax-free range. Single 49s. 6d., double 62s. 6d. per pair.

These are just three of the fascinating Pelham Puppets which will amuse both adults and children. There are also simplified ones for young beginners, from 18s. 3d.

THIS year's babies have two new items designed especially for their comfort. The first revolutionizes the old nappy system by introducing disposable pads to be worn with a plastic pad-holder. This eliminates all washing and is particularly convenient when travelling or visiting with the infant. Paddi, in three sizes, costs 6s. and Paddi pads 1s. 11d. a packet of ten. The other is Innoxa Protective Baby Cream which, being water-repellent, prevents napkin rash. Price 2s. 3d. This cream has been evolved during research work on the barrier hand creams which are already well known as protection for the hands against the ravages of water and grime.

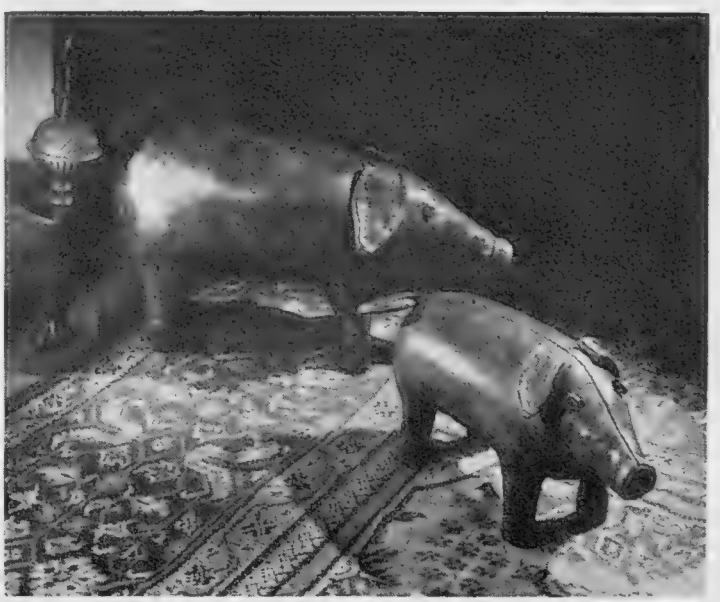
REALLY attractive and practical for the warmer months are Martin White's panti-girdles, aptly named "Snappies." In feather-weight Bemberg ruched voile, they give support without restriction. The suspenders are detachable. In pink or white, price 25s.



Attractive place mats, with gold and scarlet dragons on cream wood, add colour and distinction to the dinner table appointments. Large size 12s. 6d., small 5s. 11d.

DON'T throw away odd nylons. Jane Ayton, of 113 Piccadilly, has a unique Nylon Matchup Service. She will pair up odd nylons and charge half the price of a pair of their quality. She also buys odd stockings.

WHEN you are in London visit "The Little Shop" which has been opened inside John Lewis's Oxford Street store. In a most attractive setting of its own you will find displayed any number of good accessories, most reasonably priced. Gay bags, belts and jewellery from the Continent, matching umbrella covers and scarves, quilted skirts and amusing little hats are just a few of the exciting things to discover. There is another "Little Shop" at Peter Jones of Sloan Square, which is well worth a visit if you are looking for chic summer and holiday accessories at moderate prices.



These delightful pigs are actually fireside seats, handmade from real pigskin and sturdily built for life-long wear. The larger one is £7 15s. 9d. and the smaller one £5 15s.

Early English water colours are charming as wall pictures and seem at home in modern and period décor. This is a Ganymed facsimile of a landscape by Girtin, so beautifully reproduced that it is almost indistinguishable from the original

Pleasure In Paint

By JOHN CLARE

IT is strange that many of us who give much thought to other decorative things in the house neglect the pictures. Too often a picture is an afterthought hurried in to fill up an awkward space on the wall. There it hangs, sometimes protesting loudly against its background, sometimes overwhelmed by it. A good picture or a good reproduction well chosen, not only reflects something of the personality of its owner, but in its turn gives lasting interest and atmosphere to the room in which it hangs. Pictures should be companions for life and ought to be chosen as carefully.

The picture or drawing which reproduces a subject with the fidelity of a camera should be treated warily because in the absence of any other quality it will become wearisome and in any case the camera can't be beaten on its own ground. Such treatment leaves only the subject matter, the "story" which may pall with familiarity.

It is the sentimentality of subjects like "Goodbye, old friend" which make certain Victorian pictures funny to-day, but it is the lifelike reproduction of detail down to the last stud on the dog's collar which makes them boring when you have to look at them on the wall, day after day.

Beware also of the picture which presents an abundance of colours, all competing for immediate attention. Like very loud music played all the time, it is a sore trial to live with. Very often one walks straight by the picture which in the end turns out to be one's best friend.

A really good picture never discloses all its virtues at once and it is only as one gets to know it better that all the subtle harmonies are revealed. At first glance, for instance, Crome's "Moonlight on the Yare" may appear brown and drab. Look at it for a minute or two and gradually the water, trees, the old mill and even the air itself becomes bathed in silvery moonlight. That is colour, just as much as Van Gogh's "Sunflowers," and, to some tastes, a happier choice to live with.

WHEN we buy pictures for our homes, we should try to visualize them in the surroundings in which they will be hung and we should remember that we are going to live with them. We want them not only to be good decoration but also to be there so that we can turn to them for pleasure and refreshment of our minds whenever we feel like it.

Before buying a picture it is a good plan to go to an art gallery and look at the pictures there, several times if possible. Notice not only the subject matter and the way the painter treats it, but the patterns and shapes made by his pencil or brush, the variations in the quality of the paint, the way in which your eye is led from one point to another in the composition, the distribution of light and shade.

If the subject matter is all too dominant for you to see the picture as a colour pattern, turn the reproduction upside down and look at it that way. Then you can value the pictorial qualities alone, quite undistracted.

As a result of looking at pictures, you will find different artists appealing to you in different ways. Be patient and keep your eyes and your mind open, for in choosing pictures there are great rewards for those who give their whole attention. Never say to yourself, "I know what I like and that's that," because until you have looked at plenty of pictures, you won't know what you like.

DON'T be afraid of choosing modern pictures. The principles of choosing pictures are identical for old masters and modern painters. You can at least be sure that the modern painting will match the mood of your modern furnishings.

Good coloured reproductions of works by great painters, old and modern, can be obtained without difficulty in some of the larger public galleries. There are also a number of firms who specialize in coloured reproductions of a high standard. It is better to go to some trouble to obtain satisfactory results rather than to be content with second-rate reproductions of inferior works, a step which can only lead to disappointment and a complete negation of all those good things which good pictures can give.

Good water-colour drawings can often be bought at quite reasonable prices and making a collection of this kind gives one the additional satisfaction of owning original works of art. In many small rooms drawings of some kind are the only sort of picture which really settle down comfortably, but even if one cannot aspire to original water colours it is possible to obtain excellent reproductions.

Choosing pictures to live with requires thought, but your trouble will be repaid because your pictures not only tell people a great deal about yourself but will befriend you in whatever mood you may be.

Can't Afford A Carriage

Lace printed white organdie, short bridal dress with a detachable berthe collar which converts the dress to evening, followed by a bridesmaid in white nylon faintly checked with belt and bow of black velvet. Designs by Arthur Banks

"CAN'T afford a carriage," may well be the heartcry of to-day's brides, but a pretty and dignified wedding is not an impossibility if the bride is prepared to depart from the most rigid conventions.

This is the One Day. The wedding must be pretty, it must be dignified and it must be memorable. But how?

Well, this is an era of planning so why not a planned wedding economy? It really is the answer. Discuss and plan every detail in advance and budget accordingly, avoiding the manifold extras which puts an unplanned wedding budget so hopelessly awry.

The costs of the church ceremony depend largely upon the parish chosen. Although there is a basic scale, fees vary. The registration may be two pounds ten or it may be ten times more. In one place the verger will expect five shillings for opening the church. In the next it may be two pounds.

Even on an economy budget there is no necessity to dispense with the traditional setting of a church wedding. It can be scaled down. Bells, for instance, cost half a guinea each for ringing and the same fee is charged for each adult member of the choir with half that amount for boy singers and two guineas for the organist. It is for the bride to decide which of them is indispensable to a well set-up affair. A full choral service is impressive, but so are the voices of two choir boys accompanied by the organ.

Sentiment, which quite naturally has its triumphal day at a wedding is apt to be expensive. Choosing a distant parish for some sentimental reason may cost more than the local church inasmuch as the fees can be higher in one place than another. Then there is the matter of transport. Cars to take the guests a long distance have to be allowed for.

Some less reputable car hire firms make a special charge for weddings, but this is unjustified. One of the best-known services in London will provide a Rolls Royce for the bride within a ten mile radius, allowing an hour and a half for the wedding at a charge of two guineas. Comfortable but less exalted limousines for the guests cost less.

A caterer specializing in weddings, recommends the choice of bright well-lit rooms for the reception. If none are available it is often possible to rent a house for the purpose. This particular London caterer has several on his books and the charge is from ten to fifteen pounds.

Champagne is, of course, the traditional wedding drink, but if there are a number of guests one of the less expensive sparkling wines makes an excellent substitute and even if the ommission is noted guests seldom have any strong feelings on the matter. The usual cover for wedding catering is twelve and sixpence a guest without wine and one guinea per head including wine and wedding cake.

IF the cake is bought the cost is governed by the price of the wedding cake mixture. This is now seven and sixpence a pound and a cake large enough to serve thirty people costs thirty shillings, fully decorated with the usual effects and one tier. Any deviation from the regulation design means special icing at a higher cost. Fancy ideas about the cake run away with the money.

Invitation cards can be economized without sacrificing dignity. The smallest —and the least expensive are five by three and a half inches at one pound for twenty-five. These provide all that good taste requires. Silver monograms and hearts and flowers are far more costly and achieve very little. After all, a wedding invitation soon finds its end in the waste paper basket. An advantage of the summer wedding is the plentiful and cheaper supply of flowers. The choicest arum lilies at two shillings each for the altar vase are more stately than smaller blooms and a few make a good display. It is fashionable now for the bride to carry a hand spray of mixed flowers, according to her choice. The same for the bridesmaids.

Flowers are the one item which it is impossible to price exactly beforehand. No florist can be sure what the market supply will be on a given day. In placing an order for a wedding bouquet it is advisable to give some elasticity of choice and to insist upon a precise blend of flowers only if you are willing to pay special-order prices which are (*Continued on page* 82)

Muriel Segal on staging a wedding that 'does not allow to-day's essential economies' to show through

Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

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Soups and Spreads

By
JANET DARBY

CONTRARY to the general belief, the word "soup" doesn't necessarily mean something thick, brown and warming. In summer, to quote a once-popular song, "Mother don't want no peas, no beans, no coconut oil." It is permissible for the summer version of this delectable opening to a meal to be brown, but it should be clear and cooling, like *consommé en gelée.*

Make your stock the day before from veal bones, which jelly easily. You will need two pounds of bones, one carrot, one onion, and a little fresh parsley. Cover the bones with cold water, add the carrot and onion sliced, and the parsley in its sprigs, as only the flavour will be wanted. Add salt and two or three peppercorns, and cook very gently for at least two hours, longer if possible. Skim off any fat, and then strain three times through muslin, until the liquid is absolutely clear. This must be done while the soup is warm, as it will jelly when cold and can't then be strained. Before the last straining add a teaspoonful of good beef extract, and allow to set in the bowls in which you will serve it.

I like to serve clear, cold soup in glass bowls, as the sparkle of the soup sells it to the consumer, so to speak! Whenever I make this soup I think of the dear dead days beyond recall, when one would think nothing, or at least lightly, of stewing two pounds of shin of beef to rags as a preliminary. Nowadays we can all think of better things to do with our meat ration.

I OFTEN wonder why sour-sweet fruit soups aren't better known here. You meet them all over the Continent; cherry or plum in France; red currant or sorrel in Germany, and beetroot in Poland. Whichever you use, the method is as follows. Use a pound of fruit or vegetable to one quart of cold water. Cook gently till tender and then pass through a sieve. Reheat to boiling-point, and then stir into the liquid a mixture of one tablespoonful of cornflour and one dessertspoonful of sugar, thinned to a cream with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Then add the juice of half a lemon, and cook, stirring, till it thickens. Add a little red wine, if you like. Serve it in glasses, and garnish with a few cherries or currants, if these fruits are used.

If you have made your sour-sweet soup from plums, sorrel or beetroot, top each glass with a swirl of whipped synthetic cream. There's no objection—none in the world—to real cream, if you can get it. Anyway, serve the soup very cold.

THE Spaniards make a delicious cold tomato soup called *gaspacho.* This can be made from fresh tomatoes or from purée, which can be bought in small tins. If you are using fresh fruit rub a pound through a sieve, and add enough cold water to make it up to 1½ pints. Gently fry a minute piece of garlic in a teaspoonful of olive oil. Add a small teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt to this, then a very small amount of the liquid, stirring until the seasoning dissolves. Then remove from the heat, and add the remainder of the liquid. Allow to get cold and then pour into the bowls, into each of which you will have placed a goodly portion of small diced cucumber, radishes, and spring onions; in fact, a miniature salad. Lastly, sprinkle a few dice of crisp toast on the surface.

Not all summer days are hot and conversely not all summer soups are cold. *Hübergritz,* a German soup, is one which you will like to serve on cool days. You will need one carrot, one turnip, one onion, one potato, a few fresh peas, some parsley, and a tablespoonful of medium or coarse oatmeal.

The liquid ingredients are one pint of water and half a pint of milk. Put the oatmeal in the saucepan, with the diced turnip, carrot and onion. Add the cold water and cook for twenty minutes. Then add salt to taste, the peas and the diced potato. Cook for a quarter of an hour longer. Then take the pan from the heat, add the milk, the parsley chopped as finely as you can and about half an ounce of real butter, if you can spare it. Reheat, but do not allow to boil after the milk has been added or it will curdle. You may find that you need more salt after the potatoes have been added, for potatoes have a way of absorbing salt. And, in fact, if this soup, or any soup, turns out to be *too* salty, this is a way of putting it right. The Germans, who are hearty eaters, sometimes add *knoedlen* to *hübergritz* soup. (*Knoedlen* being dumplings to you!)

WHAT a lovely picture is conjured up by the very phrase "tea in the garden." The (*Continued on page* 83)

So Quick! So Easy!
and no other make-up
looks and feels so *naturally* lovely!

It's Pan-Stik*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time to just seconds. **No puff, no sponge, no streaking.**

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin.

Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of "made-up" look.

Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik to-day. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, natural loveliness, with perfect results guaranteed the very first time you use it.

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Max Factor HOLLYWOOD

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JANET LEIGH

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This lovely lady of the screen
now starring in
M.G.M's "SCARAMOUCHE"
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is one of many Hollywood beauties who depend on Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up for that fresh, young, Natural Look . . . wherever they go . . . whatever they do!

For her fair skin and brownette hair, Janet chooses Max Factor Fair Pan-Stik.

GUARANTEE: *Buy Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Stik at any Chemist, Hairdresser or Store and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before,* ***the very first time you use it,*** *simply return the unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood & London (Sales) Ltd., 16, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for full refund.*

* *Pan-Stik (trade-mark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cream-Type Make-Up.*

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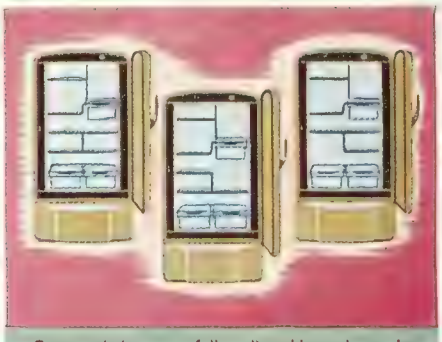
Big Freezer Locker has ample storage space for frozen foods. Fitted with two ice cube trays and one large dessert tray.

Dial Control has a wide range of settings between "coldest" and "off". Settings remain *absolutely constant* irrespective of outside temperature.

The extra large bottle storage is provided with additional standing room for tall cordial bottles.

Big, clear-view Meat-Keeper drawer keeps meat or fish perfectly fresh at correct temperature and humidity.

Wide, deep, clear-view Humidrawers will keep a large supply of vegetables crisp and dewy-fresh.



Centre shelves are fully adjustable and can be arranged in several ways to suit your needs. All shelves are readily detachable for easy cleaning.

Here is the refrigerator that really has everything that women have ever asked for in refrigerator improvements. Packed with new ideas—exclusive features—and, most important of all, giving most storage capacity for the smallest possible outside dimensions. Everything is right—including the remarkably low price and the 5-year guarantee on the sealed, quiet-running refrigerating unit. Write now for fully descriptive folder and address of your nearest dealer to: The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Domestic Appliance Division, (DAS 220), East Lancashire Road, Liverpool, 10.

CAPACITY 7·6 cu. ft.

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

family refrigerator

BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING

The Strangers (*Continued from page 40*)

and dances brings the villages to life with sudden gaiety. The traditional fête meant much more to old Pierre—he remembered so many harvests—and he was to the forefront of all the celebrations, watching the processions, clapping his hands in time with the dances and even trying to take part in some of them, chuckling at the antics of the youths and girls in their national dress and always, of course, drinking the crude, fiery Mirabelle.

The Englishman was amused at the sudden change in him. The final riotous evening of a week of celebrations found Pierre seated in the Bar Caillot, singing snatches of ancient songs, talking and laughing with the other old men of the village. Even his vast capacity had its limits and the quantities of Mirabelle he had drunk were having their effect.

INEVITABLY the old man became reminiscent. "But no, things are not what they were. I remember. . . ." The Englishman listened avidly. Before they realized it he had attached himself to their group. More Mirabelle had arrived. It appeared that Monsieur the Englishman had bought it. And more! He was perhaps not so bad after all, this Englishman. But one did not like strangers; they could remember so many strangers in their village. The Boches—it seemed only yesterday they had been here—and before that in 1914.

"Nineteen-fourteen," shouted Pierre. "You do not know, you have seen nothing. Me, I remember the Prussians in 1870." The old men smiled at each other. They knew that Pierre had long ago become confused between his own memory and the events his mother had described so vividly. A few more Mirabelles and they would hear how he had seen Napoleon himself—an experience which had actually happened to his grandfather.

But the young Englishman was leaning across the table. "But, Pierre, that means you must be nearly ninety, and . . ." Pierre glared at him. "So, I do not speak the truth, no? Listen, I will tell you, my Englishman. . . ."

ONCE the floodgates of memory were opened there was no stopping Pierre. He told of the Prussian occupation of the village in 1870. Of the battles in the valleys and among the pine-trees. Of ill-equipped bewildered peasants killed or rounded up and disarmed in their hundred by relentless, disciplined armies. He was no longer drunk, it seemed, only he was able to bring these happenings up from the vast store of two long memories, his own and his mother's.

The Englishman realized as never before the shock of that sudden misery and humiliation. Pierre's father, he heard, had left his cottage a strong, happy man, proud of himself, his healthy children and his pretty wife. He had returned over a year later, broken in health by a horrible wound and primitive medical treatment, morose and brooding after his experiences in a prison camp.

Pierre told of what it was to live under Prussian domination—never to speak French except in the safety of one's home, never to know when the fruits of a year's toil might be commandeered and loaded on carts as the first stage of a journey to Prussia. He told of the village Chicken-Breeding Club, a cover for an underground movement that kept the spirit of France alive.

THE Englishman heard how the clocks to be found in the kitchen of every cottage seemed to have a fascination for looting Prussians and how many an Alsatian peasant set off for the war in 1914 with vague ideas of the international issues for which he was fighting, but determined to retrieve from some German kitchen a little French clock stolen in 1870.

"Nineteen-fourteen—but it was formidable, that," said Pierre. "So sudden; one heard rumours, but there are always rumours and no-one took much notice of them. It was my mother who told me to get away in time. She was wiser than most of us and she saw it coming. 'Pierre,' she said, 'there is to be fighting again—I am sure of it. You must go now, now while there is time. Take Blanquette and the best of the other horses with you, for if you do not the Prussians will steal them when the war starts. Take them to Cousin René across the border—it will be quite easy for you to get across if you go now. If I am wrong and it comes to nothing, you can come home again, but if I am right and there is to be war, you will not be fighting on the side of the Prussians.' She was right, *la petite Mère*. I never saw her again, for when I returned after four years in the army she was dead. She had not lived to see the liberation."

Pierre was silent for a few moments, grieving, and the old men shook their heads. "*Les sales Boches*," muttered Pierre. "She never saw them go—she who had lived so long for that. We drove them out but they came back again, they always come back again." He had been too old to fight in 1940. He had stayed at home this time, selling his crops in the black market and cheating the Germans as a good Frenchman should, looking stupid when they asked him questions about the lads of the Maquis who were always hiding in the forest.

And now they were gone again. "They will come back," muttered Pierre. "They will come back," agreed the old men, "they will always come back; they are always waiting there across the border."

THEY sat for hours talking and the Englishman sat listening. When he stepped out into the village street the chill air was like a splash of cold water on his face after the heat of the room. He stood for a moment, then turned and walked in the opposite direction from Roger's cottage.

Out of the village he walked, along the straight road through the fir forest. For miles he walked on through its blackness. The sound of the brook gurgling at the roadside and the small rustlings among the darkness of the trees had the queer loneliness of noises at night. He walked on and on, thinking of what he had heard, and feeling alone in and at one with this ancient country. At last he was out of the forest, and the light of the golden moon of early autumn showed him meadows and vineyards stretching across the valley to the foot of the wooded hills.

It showed the steep roofs and carved gables of a cluster of houses, one of them with the untidy twigs of a stork's nest showing black against the moonlight. The owls shrieked as they hunted, sailing across the valley to pounce and rise again, their cries echoing among the great hills. Among the beeches and chestnuts of the hilltops, he knew, were the primitive earthworks from which the Celts had watched Caesar's legions marching through their land; at the end of the valley was the ruined fortress of the Romans, abandoned centuries since, before the oncoming rush of the barbaric hordes from the east.

It was nearly dawn when he reached the cottage again, footsore, but excited despite his weariness. Since his first short visit to Alsace many years ago it had fascinated him. His knowledge of this country and its history was as extensive as painstaking reading could make it. But by some strange freak of emotion it had taken the befuddled speech of an old peasant to light up his knowledge and bring to life his feeling for its wild history.

HE was to remember that night many months later, when he was far from Alsace. He was watching his wife as she turned the crisp pages of the new book. Pierre would have been disgusted at the sight, for it was summer once more and her shoulders were golden-brown above the green sun-frock he had hated so much.

"You know, darling," she said slowly, speaking in her own language, "I have a confession to make. When you first had this idea I—well, I am afraid I had not much faith in it. There have been so many of these 'down the generations' novels lately. I just couldn't imagine how anyone could manage to make another of them sound anything but hackneyed. And about Alsace—it was so easy to see just how it would work out—1870, 1914, 1940—the mixture as before. Or so I thought, anyway."

He stared at her. "I'll never believe a word you say again, you little hypocrite! You seemed so keen, you helped so much. After all, it was your idea about the illustrations and it was you who persuaded Joseph and Faber to let you do them."

"I know. Once we started I got interested and by the time we got to Alsace I was as keen as you were. And now"—she smiled at him—"I realize what I have long suspected—that I've married a genius."

"I don't know about that, dear, but you've married a man who's written a best-seller. This is going to keep the wolf from the door for quite some time. I wish," he said thoughtfully, "we could find some way of saying thank you to Pierre. He certainly never meant to help me, but he did so nevertheless."

His wife laughed. "The only sort of thanks Pierre would understand would be money, and I don't think he'd accept that from you."

"Perhaps you're right. I'd like to try and think of something, anyway."

SO it happened that some time later, as Pierre was working in the fields, Marie-Terese came running to him with a letter in her hand. Marie-Terese was his youngest granddaughter and his darling. So he stopped his work as the small figure scampered down the path, and kissed the hot pink face as he bent to take the letter.

"Look, *Grand-père*, it is for you," said Marie-Terese with great excitement, "and it has a funny stamp with a flower in each corner." Pierre was as impressed as she. It was not often that he received a letter. He opened it slowly and clumsily with his old, work-grimed hands and unfolded the contents. Dumbfounded, he stared at a cheque for thirty thousand francs. Laboriously, as Marie-Terese jigged up and down with excitement, he read the letter. Then he gave her the envelope with the foreign stamp and sent her away. He wanted to be alone, to think.

As he watched the little girl out of sight he saw her deliberately crush one of the autumn crocuses that grew so profusely in the long grass. He remembered how one day the woman with the naked shoulders had admired the small mauve flowers with their delicate petals and white stalks. Pierre had been shocked out of his usual reticence by such idiocy. "But Madame," he had said, "they are bad flowers. The cows are ill if they eat them. One must destroy them." And he had crushed one to a mass of trampled petals beneath his boot. "What a pity," she had said, "they are so beautiful."

Beautiful. Always she had called things beautiful, the flowers, the trees, the mountains. Pierre looked round him at the small sloping field. The long lush grass, all starred with the mauve crocuses, was still soaked with the heavy dew of autumn. Above the field the wooded mountain-side rose steeply, green against the deep blue sky. The prickly sweet chestnuts and the beech-nuts were already beginning to fall on the carpet of brown leaves, and deeper in the forest the wild boars would be snorting and gobbling among the acorns. Down the side of the field ran a rocky lane, its banks purple and gold with heather and gorse. Through the laden orchards it ran, to the red-roofed houses, down to the stream. And across the valley, far away to the south-east, the great snow-peaks of the Alps glimmered in the sunshine.

SUDDENLY it came to Pierre that the woman was right. It was beautiful, this country of his. He had never thought about it before, but now he (*Continued on page 64*)

gazed at the familiar scene as if seeing it for the first time. He continued to gaze while dimly the thought formed in his mind that this was a beauty that belonged to him, as it had belonged to his father and mother, and to generations of men who had worked in the valleys as he was working, men who instinctively gazed across the hills to the east, watching for the invaders.

He resented with all his soul this man and this woman who had come to his country, to write about it, to tell other people about things they did not understand themselves. He would not take money from them, from these prying, ignorant foreigners. It would seem like betraying his country. He took the cheque from his pocket and crumpled it into a ball. But he could not throw it away. After all, it was money and one did not throw money away—that would be wicked, but wicked. He would not use it, but he would, he would. . . . Pierre hesitated, pondering. He would send it back to them, that was it. Relieved by this decision, he returned to his work.

But all day long he felt uneasy, with the crumpled cheque in his pocket; he could not get it out of his mind. That night, for almost the first time in his life, Pierre found it difficult to sleep. He lay thinking about the strange letter and the cheque. "If you will not take it for yourself," the man had written, "we would like you to keep it, perhaps for Marie-Terese, perhaps to give to your Church, whatever you wish."

THE next morning the village was astonished to see Pierre, in his best black clothes (on a week-day !) waiting for the bus that rattled through the village every morning and back again every evening. Where could he be going? Whatever was he going to do? But his daughter could not satisfy the curiosity of the villagers. "He will not say," she said. "He will not let any of us go with him. Ah, but he is obstinate, the old one. One can only let him have his way and hope that the good God will let him come to no harm."

Pierre sat watching the familiar trees and fields rush past as the bus bumped down the uneven road. They were just the old trees and fields once more; the sudden flash of insight into their beauty had gone, and with it his momentary vision of himself as the proud inheritor of this glorious country. The clerk in the bank at Mulhouse was not to know that he was face to face with a man who had helped in the writing of a great book; he saw only an old peasant pushing across the counter a crumpled cheque, to be added to the savings of a frugal life.

END

Making Holiday Pictures

(*Continued from page* 15)

therefore, is to take it so that it occupies as much of the picture space as possible and the best way of doing this is to take it from end to end and from as high up as possible. Here we have an attractive record picture showing where we sat and walked and we can also see something of the promenade and perhaps our hotel—see the difference?

Taking Fig. 3 next, we can see that this is a picture of a typical harbour scene at low tide and it was photographed in this way. Finding a suitable fishing boat to make an attractive foreground we found a position from which we could see this boat, the roadway, the harbour and the steamer. A yellow filter over the lens brought out the clouds making a really pleasing holiday picture.

Looking at the evening scene, you may well be excused for thinking that your camera could not possibly do things like that, but this one was taken with a simple folding roll film camera.

All you have to do to take similar pictures is to wait for the sun to be hidden by a cloud then deliberately make an under-exposure. You can do this either by using your highest shutter speed or by using the smallest lens aperture. Most cameras, even box models, have at least two "stops" marked either f11–16 or "Bright" and "Dull" and you should set it to Bright or f16 and take the picture in the normal way. To achieve the evening effect ask to have it printed darker than usual. Some grand pictures can be secured by taking sunsets through rigging or the lattice work of the pier.

The secret of making camera pictures is deliberation. Haphazard view-finding may make snapshots but it will not produce PICTURES. On the other hand there is no need to let the camera trespass upon the mood of the holiday. Practically everybody appreciates a good picture and if you see a view that appeals to you then take it bearing in mind the examples which have been given.

As well as enhancing the holiday album, a few outstanding pictures, suitably mounted and framed, can be hung on your walls to bring back happy memories all the year round.

END

The Freshening Wind

(*Continued from page* 31)

out covering a story for his paper. Or enjoying a little relaxation with "the boys." By the end of two years Kit was in undisputed ownership of the study and typewriter. Don was slipping away from her. When they were together there seemed nothing to say. In the end he went quite abruptly, saying that he was in love with someone else.

The failure of her marriage, her inability to hold the man she loved had eaten deep into Kit's self-esteem. The play had been born out of pain—and loneliness.

IT was a very personal story to be telling a stranger on the fringes of a hectic party. But this man invited confidence—was assuming an importance out of all proportion to the time she had known him.

She knew that he liked her, but—if they were to be friends—and this was something that she longed for with all her heart, there must be truth between them. He must know, and accept—Kit Kennedy, the little nobody; not be led to expect too much by that glib sham—Kate Merritt. . . .

"Why this insistence on a minor key?" he teased her. "You're a successful playwright, a young and attractive woman. What does the rest matter? You could tell me you'd been reared on a desert island or married to a Hottentot but I would still learn more about the essential Kate by seeing your play."

"But don't you see," Kit said slowly, still marvelling in her mind at the things he had said, "I may never write another thing worth looking at. And then what am I?"

"A stupid little angel-pie, of course," Elsa said, bearing down on them, putting a plump arm round Kit's shoulders: "What utter nonsense are you burbling about, my sweet?" She turned to Robert: "Don't you know you're selfishly monopolizing my clever, handsome little lioness? That people are queueing up in there to meet her?"

"See you later—lioness !" smiled Robert.

AFTER the roof-garden the flat seemed as hot as a furnace, the noise more deafening than ever. But the sense of panic had gone—Kit hoped for good. Robert Nicholls admired her play—believed in her, liked her. . . .

Almost gaily she allowed Elsa to draw her back into the vortex. When next she came up for breath it was to see Don, hand outstretched, staring at her with an astonishment that bordered on stupefaction.

"Kit . . ." he said hesitantly.

"Kate Merritt, the playwright, to you Don," Elsa said with relish.

Don took Kit's hand, his own slack and warm. "I would hardly have known you," he said, sounding a little resentful, quite at a loss. He turned to the over-dressed girl at his side: "This is Margaret. . . ."

The girl's shallow brown eyes took in every last detail of Kit's appearance. She said, an edge to her voice: "This is a surprise—meeting you like this."

"For me, too," Kit said. The unreal Margaret had existed in her mind as a glamorous incarnation of everything she would have liked to be herself. But the reality . . . and Don. He had put on weight, looked much older than his thirty-six years —almost middle aged. Even in the old days he had been a little on the pompous side and now, Kit sensed, the tendency had become confirmed.

FLUSHED and ill at ease he was saying all the right things in a heavy voice, like a master awarding a prize to the dull child of the class. "Never thought you had it in you . . . congratulate you, Kit. Haven't seen your play yet, as a matter of fact. Had no idea, of course, that you were the dramatist. . . ."

"And if you did have an idea, darling," Elsa said insolently, pushing a drink into his hand, "you wouldn't know what to do with it, would you, my sweet?"

Don ignored the laughter that followed Elsa's sally, but Margaret was openly resentful. She was hanging on his arm, possessively, jealously. They seemed an ill-assorted couple, Kit thought, she hoped they were happy. . . .

She hoped they were happy. Before she had time to fully appreciate the meaning of her thoughts—the freedom from the past that was sudenly hers—Robert was back at her side. The two men seemed a little wary of each other as though going through a summing-up process. Don gave Kit a quick, questioning look, she could almost hear him thinking aloud.

Soon Robert drew her away, urbane but masterful. "You didn't really want to prolong that little scene?"

Kit shook her head. She looked pale, a little tired. "No—it was rather painful"

He gave her a cigarette, leaning down to light it for her. "And so that is the second Mrs. Kennedy !"

Poor Don ! Kit thought.

(*Continued on page* 66)

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MUCH later, when everyone but she and Robert had left, they sat in the shambles of the flat talking over the party. Elsa sat on the floor, her high-heeled shoes flung into a corner. Kit, limp and relaxed, shared a red upholstered sofa with Robert. She felt very tired, but happy in a curious, dreamy fashion.

Elsa wiggled her toes, yawned vastly and said: "One party that 'jelled,' I fancy. Enjoy yourself, pet?"

Kit stretched out and threw an arm round Elsa's neck. "It's the first party I've ever really enjoyed. But why did you spring Don and Margaret on me? I didn't think you knew them. . . ."

"I know everyone, pet," Elsa said easily, "but I don't usually ask Kennedys to my slap-up affairs. This time I had my reasons. . . ."

"You're sense of the dramatic at work?" Kit suggested.

"Nothing of the kind, lambkin," Elsa said reproachfully, "you should know me better than that. I just wanted you to see for yourself what a small potato Don is, was, and always will be. You've quoted him to me so much that I got the idea that he was holding you down like a rusty old anchor. And what you need, pet, is not an anchor at all but a brave spread of sail. . . ."

"And a freshening wind, perhaps?" Robert said, laughing, taking Kit's hand and pulling her gently to her feet. "Our hostess yawns—shall we take the hint and see what a new day smells like?"

IT was fun creeping down those interminable stairs with Robert. Kit's head was full of snatches of conversation, tags of tunes, odd ideas and wonderful plans for the future. A new suit from the little French salon that Elsa raved about, a silly hat to top it off. Robert—unlike Don—loved crazy hats. He'd said so. . . .

Don . . . Poor Don! she thought.

The door closed behind them and Robert drew her hand through the crook of his arm.

The Freshening Wind

"What's happened to you," he asked, "cut loose from that anchor?"

She stopped in her tracks and stared up at him. "I've just done that very thing. How did you know?"

"Psychic, perhaps?" he smiled. And then, with a look that Kit pondered over later, for hours: "All we need now is that spread of sail and an off-shore wind."

He wet his finger and held it up solemnly. "H'm—a breeze from the warm, the sunny South. It's going to be a lovely day. Have breakfast with me, Miss Merritt?"

"Please, Mr. Nicholls."

They walked off arm in arm down the silent street. Above them Elsa pulled back her curtains. She grinned. People were like puppets—all they needed to make them dance was someone intelligent pulling the strings. . . . Her yawn echoed through the empty room. The party had been a great success.

END

Mass Migration

(*Continued from page* 13)

Beveridge, as projector of the Welfare State, while, by ripping war asunder as "The Great Illusion" forty years ago, Sir Norman Angell established a permanent claim on the attention of mankind.

Nor can vision be denied to the Chiefs of Staff who saw Britain to victory in the second World War. In April, 1946, the newspapers reported that these master scanners of the feasible "laid before the Commonwealth Premiers in London far-reaching proposals for the strategic dispersal of military and industrial resources and for the redistribution of manpower within the Commonwealth" and referred to the United Kingdom as "the most vulnerable target of all the great Powers in an era of atomic power."

What may have been possible six years ago, may no longer be so to-day; at least, not in the same degree. But the claim is that mass migration has never been given the top-level, all-out examination warranted by its immense potentialities; rather have politicians harped on the impossible to the negation of the possible; and that if only a start were to be made as a crisis measure but on a planned, long-term basis, public morale would be given a fillip such as it sorely needs. Missing to-day, there would again be a shining goal.

In sum, we simply do not know whether mass migration is a master-key or a mirage, a trump-card and godsend or an impossibility, because Britain and specific Commonwealth nations have not gone into the matter sufficiently.

The plan put forward by the Migration Council as "Operation British Commonwealth" amounts to nothing less than the transfer of 20,000,000 people from Britain at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. This would need the equivalent of 500 large ships a year, together with a great fleet of cargo vessels to carry the machines and tools and building material for the new towns. Nothing like it in history; and the first impulse is to say "a physical impossibility."

THE nearest approach is the emigration of over 25,000,000 from Europe in the thirty-four years from 1880 to 1914, but most of these were steerage emigrants cared for by the shipping companies (£5 to the U.S.A.) and they carried precious little with them—let alone the wherewithal to build whole settlements!

In face of incredulity, the Whittles stick to "where there's a will" (they could instance the harbour towed over to Arromanches) and they seek to develop this will by planting a new vista in the public mind.

Emigration on a small scale by individuals and groups will never solve anything. The chief damper is fear of getting lost in a strange world. Very well: instead of building new towns in perilously crowded Britain, take new towns in the social as much as in the material sense, and erect them on empty acres hard-by glowing opportunity in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Southern Rhodesia, and so on.

Large-scale emigration should mean the movement of whole townships, their physical attributes, local custom and culture, even "characters" so that the departed communities would find themselves all together again in their new country. Whether "life could be as full and as familiar in any country on earth provided it was planned on exactly the same lines" is debatable. However, the plan goes on to urge that emigration should be of families, groups of families, and larger economic groups, each centred upon a factory.

And: "It must include a cross section of the population, old as well as young, dependants as well as workers." So-called "non-productive" and elderly people have a rôle to fill, too, and an important one, namely, to help communities to develop socially and intellectually. They add a cosy touch in a new country.

Receiving countries have yet to be persuaded of this. They put a heavy stress on skilled and single people.

SOME compromise has to be found so that the British Government may do in relation to large industrial concerns what a Poole engineering firm did for itself last year. By the consent of all, management, staff, families, old people, seventy in number, it removed to set up as a going concern in Australia—plant, furniture, everything. Such is the prototype if mass migration is ever to become a fact.

Those chosen to go overseas, or volunteering, would face years of pioneer effort: first the builders, next the workers (some with their families), then the rest of the dependants and elderly folk. Pioneers all, but with comforts and amenities at their call (TV the latest), the like of which their forerunners after the first World War never dreamed of. It would not even mean saying goodbye to the homeland, flights to which, at "popular" prices, are only a matter of (a short) time. And what opportunities on the spot. . . .

"Now Canada is in the third great stage of development. The first thin industrial layer of the twenties is thickening up with new resources, new industries and a new population. . . . In the words of the American song, 'Canada is bustin' out all over.' But Britishers must be prepared to work harder than they do in the U.K." It is well to keep in this last line, lest you think I am being carried away.

The preliminaries of planning and action might take two years, once the green light had been given. Something akin to war-time powers of direction of labour and materials might be necessary. Compulsion of a kind would be no less required at the receiving end. Government financial support would be essential . . . "but if only a fraction of the £4,700,000 to be spent on rearmament in three or four years were used to deploy some of Britain's war potential . . ." not only would greater security ensue but mass migration would have begun.

Nor is it beyond the bounds of possibility that the United States might be disposed to help. Have not Americans a Pacific Pact with two Commonwealth nations whose safety depends on increased white populations, and is it not in their interest that a third which can fulfil the function of a second great power in North America but at present has only 14,000,000 people with which to do so, should gather in all the immigrants she can—and preferably British at that?

TO heed thoughtful letters in the Press, defeatism, dog-in-the-manger and distance are three Ds militating against acceptance of the greatest material challenge of the day.

The first connotes those who dwell on the impossible side of things, especially of doing anything while the cold war endures. Yet this may go on for decades, during which mass deployment of population would be actually waging it! Politicians assume a defeatist attitude on personal grounds: they don't like advocating mass emigration because—isn't it like telling their constituents to go away, that there's no room for them any longer?

The second (dog-in-the-manger) depicts those who seek to restrict immigration in order to maintain an artificially high wage structure and living standard. Yet were the living standards of American workers as a whole lowered early this century when immigrants were still arriving at the rate of 1,000,000 a year?

As for the spectre of distance, the creator of the jet era is the right man to talk about it. "The bulk of our white population (50,000,000 out of 75,000,000) and industrial strength is huddled into one small corner of the Commonwealth—the British Isles—while the vast rich domains of the other parts lie comparatively undeveloped for lack of people. A more balanced settlement of whites by large and bold schemes of migration is the vital problem facing the British peoples."

But do they want to go from Britain? Have they still the spirit, the "urge"? Would you go? *Would I go?* The last question was answered affirmatively by Mr. J. B. Priestley, (*Continued on page* 69)

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"if I was a young man." It's a salutary question for all to ask themselves, who dabble in this matter—even on a typewriter. But what about the main question? The answer to that is claimed to lie in public opinion polls indicating that thirty-one per cent of British people would be prepared to go to one or other of the Dominions in the belief that they offer a better chance of life for grown-ups and children alike.

"Yes, but what about Britain?" is a very legitimate interruption. "How would she fare if two-fifths of her inhabitants were to be drawn away inside a score years?"

"She would be far better off with a population of between 30,000,000 and 35,000,000 (allowing for natural increase) than saddled with anything from 55,000,000 to 60,000,000, which will be the case in 1972 if we go on as at present," contend the Mass Migrationists who add: "Atomic energy in industry—foretold for anything from ten to 200 years hence—could vastly reduce man-hours in Britain, while, in our present day, world competition in industry—not just from Germany and Japan—seems likely to have the same bearing."

TWENTY million mouths removed from the country would ensure that Britain could be self-supporting in food production for the first time in centuries. The housing problem would be completely solved. Fear of unemployment which lies so much behind restrictive practices or lengthening out the job, would dissolve, partly through the opening up of big new export markets catering for Britons who emigrated.

Whole townships might turn into ghosts and famous cities thin down to what they were numerically in the eighties, but providing coal production could be maintained, the loss of skilled technicians from industry would not greatly reduce the ability of factory workers to improve living standards. The advantage of close proximity of the coalfields and the steel-works to the centres of industry would still tell in Britain's favour.

To-day Britain has too many factories for its capacity to produce sufficient raw materials. The new Britain would be a farming and a raw material-producing country to a greater extent than it has been for more than a century. If that past state of affairs could be brought back, native ingenuity would take care of living standards. Switzerland, without any raw materials, has proved this to be possible.

"If that past state of affairs could be brought back. . . ."

It is the stock-in-trade of the politician at a loss to explain some new jolt, to tell you how foreigners envy Britain. They may do; I have travelled long and frequently among them in latter years and haven't found it arrestingly so; except in one circumstance. Millions of Continentals envy British people the luck they alone have in being invited (often begged) to go as equals to the great new countries overseas. Such foreigners would ask nothing better in this world. People here have never seen it in this light, and it is time they should.

Twenty thousand Europeans left the Continent in the first two months of this year, but most of them went to the United States.

It might be putting things more within the limits of the possible if 5,000,000 left the Continent for Commonwealth countries in the next twenty years, and if the Migration Council's target for Britain were lowered to 15,000,000. But they are only too ready to listen to constructive critics.

What complexities show themselves when one does!

"There would have to be a stiff brake on immigration into Britain."

"The Australians are going all urban, refuse to farm the outback. Newcomers from Britain, who did so, would be secondary citizens."

"Why have recent overseas development schemes been such flops?"

And so on.

I'll tell you one thing I'd like to see in this matter. It would clear the air. An opinion poll taken among women only. As providers of homes and hearths, they are at the core of any migration. But perhaps we shall have to wait until the post-Coronation travels of the first woman in the land to countries at the receiving end of migration, for the interest of women in the United Kingdom to be really roused.

END

Going To Ascot?

(*Continued from page 41*)

prefer, you can take a little hamper and a bottle of wine with you, and sit in the sunshine with your meal, watching the world go by. If you want to study the finish from the Silver Ring, your racing-glasses will help—the winning post is further down the course, opposite the Royal Enclosure. But from the Silver Ring you cannot be admitted to the Paddock, so watch form closely before you go.

NOW—about clothes. The most elegant women at Royal Ascot, as at Auteuil or Longchamps, are those who are simply and suitably dressed for an outdoor function in an uncertain climate. At the Royal Meeting, the hazards of the weather must be considered first and foremost. Therefore, the most suitable outfit for the Grand Stand is one which will not look out of place if the sun remains hidden. A very simply tailored silk or shantung suit, or a silk dress under one of this year's popular big grosgrain coats—these are the best basic clothes (and they can be worn at goodness knows how many other times).

For Ascot the trick is in the accessories; here is one of the few places where the enormous straw hat comes into its own on a really sunny day—but let it be a good shape in itself, and not dependent upon loads of flowers and feathers for its effect. Beautiful, simple gloves and shoes (the latter should be classic high-heeled courts, not fragile sandals—you spend a lot of time walking on grass). You may add to your simple suit an enormous bunch of flowers, or a great bib of pearls—but never both. And with your silk dress, you may like to have a tiny flowery hat and carry a parasol. You would also be wise to take with you one of the new and very elegant raincoats of proofed taffeta, as insurance that the sun shall shine. But you need nothing more than simplicity and good taste to be as elegant as anyone else in the Grand Stand.

In the Silver Ring, of course, you can be as comfortable and informal as you like—you'll walk around a good deal, so low-heeled shoes will help. But don't try a big hat—it may make you unpopular.

Do go to Ascot—we hope you will, now that we have told you something about it. It is worth every penny, on Gold Cup Day, just to see how wonderful English MEN can look!

ROSEMARY CHUBB

Wimbledon Side-Show

(*Continued from page 29*)

passage. It remained for a summer or two and then was gone. For in 1875 the M.C.C. kindled a new game out of the ashes of the old—lawn tennis they called it to distinguish it from the older version.

By 1875 the All-England Croquet Club were in difficulties. Enthusiasm was waning sadly—so sadly that the committee were obliged to introduce some novel side-show into the programme of their annual tournament in a desperate effort to draw the crowds. Very reluctantly—for it was a blow to prestige—they decided to set aside one of their twelve croquet lawns—which they had bought and laid out at a cost of £12,000—for exhibition games of badminton and this new-fangled tennis about which people were already talking.

THE results were spectacular. Tennis was novel; and novelty attracts the curious. The spectators came—but not to watch the croquet. Membership increased over-night; yet those who joined did so on the understanding that they would be given facilities to play tennis. So great was the response that in the following year it was found necessary to add a terrace of four more courts to the experimental one; and before long the very name of lawn tennis had crept into the title of the club.

Though the committee as a whole were distressed at this new turn of events, the club's secretary, J. H. Walsh, then editor of *The Field*, was quick to appreciate the new opportunities. In what appears to have been a lone battle, he managed to obtain the unwilling consent of his colleagues on the committee to organize a special tournament for the exclusive benefit of the swelling number of lawn tennis players; and then crowned this achievement by persuading the proprietors of his paper to offer a silver challenge cup as a prize.

Since this was to be the first tournament of the kind, a sub-committee was formed to draw up new rules upon the basis of the M.C.C. code; and in July, 1877, the first of the Wimbledon championships was staged before a crowd of about 200 spectators.

Twenty-two competitors took part; and Spencer W. Gore became the first champion, owing his success to his experience as a rackets player, which enabled him to gain many points by wrist-work such as to-day would be considered unorthodox. The entries were small; the pace slow. But the experiment was successful.

LAWN TENNIS clubs sprang up like mushrooms all over the country, and the game soon became numbered among the most popular sports of the age. Again and again the rules were altered or modified as greater experience revealed certain weaknesses in the existing code; while the makers of sporting equipment, anxious to keep abreast of fashion, devoted long hours to perfecting racket and ball alike. Meanwhile croquet sang its swan song as Wimbledon reaped greater fortune as the undisputed headquarters of lawn tennis.

In 1881—by which time a doubles competition had been introduced into the annual championships—Wimbledon awoke to a new era as two brothers, William and Ernest Renshaw, literally smashed their way to victory—to the dismay and consternation of most of the onlookers. (*Continued on page 70*)

Whereas Gore and most of the players of his time had been content to stand near the net and volley practically every ball, the Renshaws found that, by standing on or near the service line, they could drive the ball with considerable accuracy all over the court and soon tire out their opponents by their speed of play. Not content with that, they smashed all lobs with a stroke that became known as the "Renshaw smash," and perfected the somewhat feeble attempts made by one or two others at over-arm serving.

The spectators who watched them in that summer of 1881 were dumbfounded. The croquet enthusiasts condemned their conduct as "ungentlemanly"; while even the most ardent supporters of lawn tennis had qualms as to the fairness of the tactics. The critics, however, were soon to change their tune. The reign of the Renshaws had only just begun. Seven times during the next few years did they win the doubles together; seven times was William successful in gaining the singles title—a record which, incidentally, has still to be beaten.

As the brothers triumphed, so Wimbledon grew from strength to strength. In 1884 women made their first appearance on the scene, when Maud Watson, in long flowing dress with bodice so tight that even her breathing was restricted, became the first holder of the new title. Again the tongues of the critics began to wag . . . pat-ball on the lawn was one thing; but to play in tournaments was a very different proposition! Lawn tennis was a man's game; not a woman's. . . .

The women, however, thought otherwise. If they were conscious of the critics, they dismissed the criticisms with scorn. Inch by inch they shortened their dresses, and year by year carved themselves a deeper niche in the story of Wimbledon. Meanwhile the spectators multiplied from hundreds into thousands.

So great was the enthusiasm for the game by 1888 that representatives of clubs all over England met in London at the Freemasons' Tavern in Great Queen Street to discuss the establishment of a recognized controlling body for the sport. And so, with William Renshaw as first president—a post which he held for eighteen years—the Lawn Tennis Association was formed.

Whereupon the Wimbledon championships gradually assumed an international complexion as other countries adopted the game under the rules of the newly founded L.T.A. America, Australia, New Zealand, France, Germany; one by one, these and other countries sent their leading players across the seas to compete at Wimbledon.

Indeed, so greatly did both competitors and spectators swell in numbers, that by 1922 the grounds upon which the Victorians had dabbled at croquet could no longer contain them all. And in that year a new Wimbledon was born—the modern Wimbledon with its Centre Court and its memories of victories fought and won by Borotra and Lacoste and Cochet, by Perry and Austin; by Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills; the Wimbledon where shorts are now the recognized attire of women and men alike.

END

Knight Errant

(*Continued from page* 12)

of course, there's the famous Jamaica Inn up on Bodmin Moor."

"A resort of the wreckers, wasn't it? Your folks seem to have been a pretty tough lot!"

"They were lawless and loyal." She said it proudly. "This was the last corner of Britain to be civilized—less than a century ago!"

Jon said, "I'm a law-abiding citizen and all for the blessings of civilization, but I feel in my bones that the old streak of adventure still comes out in Cornishmen. I've had smugglers' paths pointed out to me away on the cliffs where no path need be. I shouldn't wonder if there isn't a spot of contraband done still." He warmed up, setting his imagination to work. "Seems to me, with things as they are just now—everyone here crying out about scarcity and high import duties—the pilchard boats fishing off the French coast could make a trip quite profitable if their catch just happened to include a few bottles of Cointreau, shall we say, and some tobacco! Or even nylons. . . ."

He broke off in consternation. She was staring at him, her hands tight gripped on the table edge. Her look held suspicion, anger, panic. The next minute she had brushed past him and was gone.

That left Jon to pay the bill and curse himself for not holding his tongue. Come to think of it, he had made quite a few remarks that weren't exactly complimentary. But how were you to know that a girl would take offence and run out on you like that?

Now she'd never know what it had meant to him to hear a voice with the soft Cornish burr in it speak to him in real friendliness—all because some long-dead ancestor of his had made them kin. Maybe she felt kinship was something you had to *prove*; he'd been trying gropingly to express that feeling himself. And how he had blundered!

HE gave the waitress a shilling tip and hazarded, "The girl who just left. You wouldn't know her name, by any chance?"

"Why, yes sir. Everyone knows her. That was Miss Camborne—Miss Ruth Camborne. She stays at her uncle's, the white house with the green shutters. I thought she was waiting here for Mr. Ralph coming back off one of his fishing trips, until I saw you together." The implications of his question suddenly got through and she stared a bit harder.

Jon reddened. He pushed back his chair, muttered good night and made his way out between the crowded tables, through the tobacco smoke, the voices. He climbed down the rickety outside stair that led straight to the harbour side, with the lights all blurred on the glimmering dark water. It was still raining, a soft, persistent wetness as though the air were full of sea-spray, salty and bitter on the lips.

Ruth. Ruth Camborne. And her uncle had a white house with green shutters. A lot of use it was knowing that! Who the devil was this Ralph who went fishing and had stood her up to-night?

He trudged up the hill to his hotel, wet through and in a savage ill-humour.

There was a lot to be said, after all, for choosing an empty compartment and pulling faces in the window. Then folks left you alone. You hurt none and you didn't get hurt. This digging for roots in a strange country was the darn stupidest, most time-wasting, heart-breaking business. He'd had enough of it. Only he'd quit with an easier mind if he hadn't seen the hurt in Ruth Camborne's eyes before she ran away from him!

WHEN he thought it over, it was the most natural thing in the world, in a place the size of St. Ives, that he should come across her again next day.

It was a sneaky morning with a sting in the wind. But even on such a day the spell lay over St. Ives, a shimmering, mysterious light over earth and sea, and artists were trying to paint it, in the grip of inspiration and despair, from the rocks of the island or from the white studios overhanging the harbour.

Jon was struggling to get a stubborn pipe going in the lee of the Custom House, and listening idly to the murmur of voices from the window above him, when he saw Ruth out on the jetty with a stocky young man in flannels and an old blue jersey. Even at that distance the likeness was striking enough for Jon to decide he must be either brother or cousin; and he heard his guess confirmed by one of the voices above his head. The voice went on to say much more, and Jon found himself listening intently. At last he drew on his pipe, stuffed the lighter back in his pocket and strolled out on the jetty.

Ruth was in slacks and a tight-fitting canary wool sweater. Her dark hair was blown by the wind and colour tingled in her cheeks. Apparently the cousins were not just exchanging the time of day. A bitter argument seemed to be going on between them over a smart boat, equipped with sails as well as a motor, that was moored to the jetty.

Not even last night's disillusionment and stung pride could keep Jon out of it. He barged up to them, as though confident of a welcome, announcing brightly, "Here I am, Miss Camborne, and looking forward to a sail."

Ruth nearly jumped out of her yellow sweater. For a minute she looked absolutely panic-stricken. Then she recovered sufficiently to give him a nervous smile and introduce, "my cousin Ralph."

Ralph looked Jon up and down and didn't seem to care for what he saw. He tossed at Ruth, "I didn't know we were taking any friends on our trip to-day."

Ruth opened her mouth to speak, but Jon was first.

"My name is Tregarth. Miss Camborne was good enough to give me a few directions last night about the places worth seeing round here. I heard about your boat—and here I am, on the off-chance that you'd be going out."

RALPH'S eyes flicked over him again. His manner changed. He said slowly, "And why not? We'll be delighted to have your company, Mr. Tregarth. Shan't we, Ruth?"

Her face was a study. Apprehension struggled with a new hope. Something had happened to give Ruth Camborne a bad night, Jon thought. Her eyes were smudged with lack of sleep and she was even jumpier than she had been at the Copper Kettle. Ralph, on the contrary, was suddenly in high humour.

"Here we go, then! I hope you're a good sailor, for it's certainly choppy; though we usually have a run out, whatever the weather. Don't we, Ruth?"

Again his question seemed to hold a hint which Ruth was not slow to grasp. She took her scared eyes off Jon's face and climbed quickly down the iron ladder on to the deck of the boat.

AS he followed, Jon was thinking it was a long time since he had disliked anyone on sight as violently as he did Ralph Camborne. That this fellow should be Ruth's cousin was an offence against Nature!

There was one thing, he had a good boat and handled her superbly, while Ruth jumped to his word of command, pulled on ropes and shortened sail with the skill of long practice. The deck was newly swabbed down, as though the boat might have made a trip last night, and Jon noticed a large tarpaulin in the stern. He stooped there to get his pipe going and saw that it covered fishing tackle.

Their course was west south-west for Clodgy Point and beyond, and after about an hour's sailing they put in close to shore. It was a steep, black, scowling stretch of coast that seemed to have no inlets, but Ralph set the nose of his boat unerringly at a gap between two jutting crags of rock. Using the engine alone, they ran into a desolate little cove where the gulls wheeled and cried mournfully and a black cormorant flapped low over the water. (*Continued on page* 72)

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

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The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

The engine coughed and died. Jon, who knew a bit about motors, wasn't surprised, the way Ralph had been tampering with it.

"Afraid this is going to take some fixing," said Ralph, wiping his hands on an oily rag and looking as if he meant business. "Why don't you two walk out on the rocks? You might find seals. They come in at this time of year to breed, and I suppose that gave rise to all the old Cornish mermaid legends. I hope Ruth didn't forget to tell you about Zennor Church, Mr. Tregarth, with the mermaid carved on the squire's pew because of the story that she enticed away his son. That's worth seeing while you're here."

They didn't find seals, but the sun came through the clouds and made rainbows ten feet high in the spray of the Atlantic breakers that hurled themselves against the spits of black rock, the water sliding off again in fragile silk curtains. Ruth took him well out of sight of Ralph's operations and sat beside him on the rock, in a misery of unease.

HE wondered about this thing. It could have started as a joke—a few cigarettes and a couple of pairs of nylons brought back from one of Ralph's fishing trips. Once he had got Ruth involved, he had a threat to hold over her when he needed her company as cover for more serious business. Say he dumped all the stuff here after a "fishing" trip, smuggling home a few things at a time whenever he and Ruth made the opportunity; that would call for quite a few runs to and fro; quite a few sleepless nights for Ruth, as she lived through the risks in anticipation. . . . An American visitor on board made to-day's trip more innocent-seeming still—or, at least, that was how Ralph figured it! Anger rose to him. He wondered if Ruth took him for a sucker, too?

When he tilted up her chin, her eyes strained away from him. Her lips were trembling. He thought her loyalty to Cousin Ralph was hard-pressed right at this minute! He kissed her, in anger and tenderness. Then Ralph whistled and they picked a way back to the boat without a word spoken.

Making that gap in the rocks was a ticklish manoeuvre and it took the cousins all their time to accomplish the feat safely and set the course home in the teeth of a wind that now blew squally and bitter. Jon, who had things to do, kept out of their way in the stern. With a wary eye on Ralph, he picked his moment to get busy at the tarpaulin.

RALPH was whistling and singing now, mighty pleased with himself. As the boat curved gracefully into the bay at last, he shouted to Jon, "Enjoyed your sail? We'll drop you at the jetty. Then I'll run her in where I can have this engine overhauled."

But when they began tying up at the jetty, his whistling and singing stopped suddenly. Two Customs men came into sight up there. They had a coastguard with them and there was a small group of onlookers behind. One of the officials called down, "Sorry, Mr. Camborne, but we have to search your boat."

They started coming down the ladder and Ralph was stuttering with fear and rage. It was an outrage, and his father would have the hell of a lot to say about it.

"Sorry, Mr. Camborne, but it's for your own sake. There's ugly rumours going round." They came straight on down, while up above the crowd pressed nearer.

It didn't take the men long to get round to the big tarpaulin covering the fishing tackle. And when they ripped it off, that was exactly what they found. Fishing tackle. Ralph's face was worth seeing, but neither Jon nor Ruth had time to notice him. They were looking at one another hard, and in Ruth's eyes there was an immense gratitude.

* * *

Some time later, in the Copper Kettle, where Jon had just ordered cheese and gherkin sandwiches with the coffee, like a "regular," Ruth gave him a long, searching, puzzled look.

"You knew that boat was due to be searched when we came in. Yet you never said a word."

"I thought it would do Ralph good to have the conceit scared out of him! Seemed to me it was the only way to set you free of this business. And when we set out, remember, I wasn't at all sure how you stood with him."

She gave him another look. "And are you sure now?"

"Yep. Sure as a man can be about a girl he's kissed."

She had to drag her eyes away. The colour came rushing up.

After a long minute she said stumblingly: "Every time he went out on one of those night trips I was scared he'd be caught. He used to leave all the stuff at the cove and we brought it home, bit by bit. He had what he called "contacts" to get rid of it then. . . . After the first time, when it was just a lark, he told me I was in it as deep as he was. And there was always the stupid, sickening risk. . . ." Her hands went up shakily to her face. She tried to laugh, and there wasn't much joy in the sound.

Jon said grimly, "You've had the last trip. And, if I'm not mistaken, so has Ralph. Though why we waste time talking about that character. . . ."

Her hand slid across the table. Her eyes shone with the clear blue that St. Ives gives to its sea and sky and the eyes of its women.

"I've known Ralph all my life. It's queer that a stranger could be so much closer, so much more kin." She said more softly still, "Remember what we said about the age of chivalry? I'm thinking that what you did for my sake to-day wouldn't have disgraced one of King Arthur's company."

Jon reddened right up into the roots of his hair. Then he grinned. He said, "Somehow I don't think it was quite according to the book of rules!" He wanted to kiss her again, and that made it hard to get things straight in his mind. But one thing he knew for sure. To-day he had proved himself a Cornishman. In proof of his kinship he had The Look, and Ruth Camborne's hand lying in his.

Oh, and the little cask of brandy and all Ralph's smuggled tobacco—floating out to sea, somewhere off Clodgy Point!

END

The Way Of A Romany

(*Continued from page 22*)

for example, is pure gipsy word meaning brother, whilst chap was probably a corruption of the Romani "chal"—a young man.

To most of us the best-known gipsy possession is the caravan. In Britain to-day there are, broadly speaking, four traditional types of wagon (or *vardo*). These are known as the Reading wagon, so-called because one of the most respected builders lived in that town; the Leeds wagon, which is a bow or barrel-topped type; the Ledge or Cottage wagon, the type most commonly seen; and the Burton, a straight-sided wagon invariably decorated with pieces of carved woodwork.

A great deal has been written of the "occult" powers of gipsy folk, but usually this can be boiled down to little more than shrewd observation. Maybe an old lady will open her door and the gipsy on her doorstep will amaze her by referring to her loved one in far-off India. No powers of clairvoyance this! More than likely the gipsy has seen through the open window a row of carved elephants, or draped over the settee a piece of silver-embroidered Calcutta cloth!

Many a housewife has been deeply impressed when a Romany has taken her hand and told her with uncanny accuracy the number, age and sex of her children. How is it done? Not by peering into the past, but by taking a shrewd look at the various categories of washing hanging on the line!

NO doubt you have heard that the gipsies have a chalk mark code of their own, which they use for the information of others of their clan who may be "working" the district. You may often see these chalk marks on gates and houses in country districts. There's a wealth of information in such marks for those who can interpret them. In one part of the country a single cross is a warning that it is a waste of time trying to sell anything at a particular house. A double cross is a warning that some official (such as a policeman or a magistrate) lives there. Two perpendicular lines puts a gipsy on his guard, for it means that pilfering has been rife in the district and, well—the police are not exactly the gipsies' best friend!

Pilfering and poaching (from people who can well afford such trifling losses) are considered by the Romanies as legitimate occupations. To a Romany, a pheasant is a prize indeed—and a legal one at that, for did not the good Lord intend the fruits of the earth for the Romany as well as the *gorgio* (non-Romany)?

A gunshot would give the game away, so the raisin trick is often resorted to as a more discreet method of capture. A raisin is attached to a fishhook, the fishhook is attached to a horsehair, the horsehair to a stake on the edge of a wood—and with luck, by dawn the pheasant will be attached to the fishhook!

There's another way of catching a rabbit than by putting salt on its tail. The gipsy uses pepper instead! A strip of paper is steeped in vinegar and saltpetre and dusted with Cayenne pepper. This "smoker" as it is called, is lighted and placed in the hole. The rabbits within start to sneeze, dash out for a breath of fresh air—and into the waiting Romany's net!

You have heard of the Romany love of hedgehog roasted in a ball of clay, of course, but did you know that from the roots of the dandelion they make a high-grade "coffee," claimed to equal the best that Brazil has to offer? In spring the roots of the dandelion are dug up, cut into small pieces and roasted over hot embers. It is then pounded on a stone and finally rubbed through a fine-meshed sieve.

Gipsy marriages are almost invariably elopements, the couple returning in three or four days to be welcomed by their parents. There are a great many marriage ceremonies, for they vary with the different clans. A common ceremony is for an elder of the tribe to tie the hand of the man and girl with a silken scarf. The bride and groom then drink from a common cup as a pledge—an act they will never again perform in their lifetime.

A ceremony by no means uncommon in some families is for a cake to be baked containing a spot of blood from both man and girl. Bride and bridegroom then share the cake and are *ipso facto* man and wife.

The philosophy of the Romanies was perhaps never more aptly and crisply summed up than in George Borrow's recording of a saying of one of his friends:

"There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother. Who would wish to die?"

END

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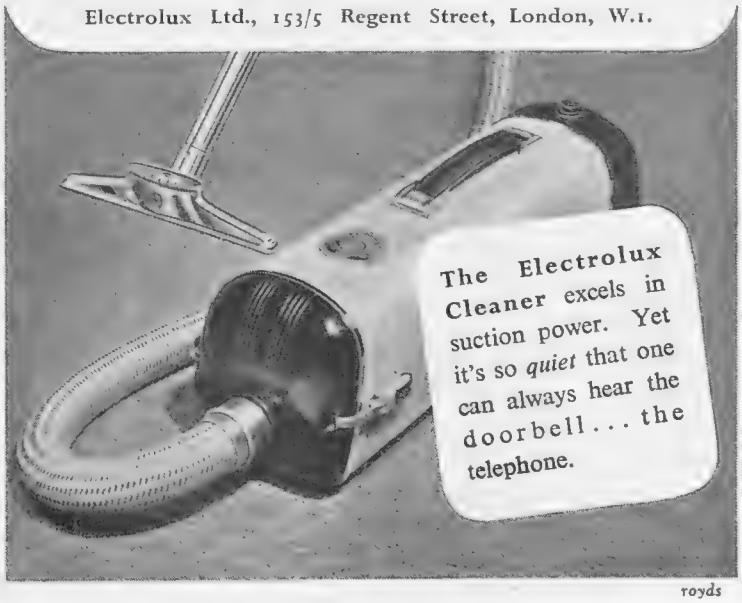


royds

A Bucket Of Ice

(*Continued from page 24*)

The first time I saw her, I was slightly overcome. She was pleasant, too. Of course, we were not on the same level, but it was nice to meet a woman who bothered to be pleasant to a mere secretary.

For two months he took her out twice a week, to theatres and lush night clubs. Part of my job was to get theatre tickets, arrange tables for their suppers together, to send her flowers to wear, and not least—to wake Tom with a strong cup of black coffee on the following morning.

During these two months, pity being akin to love, Tom came nearer to falling in love with Madame de Lessis than ever before in his life. And as I knew him fairly well by this time, and we had discussed life and love together, I knew that this was a good number of times.

I certainly could not blame him, for Madame de Lessis was any man's *tasse de thé*.

The final blow came at the New Year when she received a laconic telegram saying that her husband did not intend returning home, and she could cancel the house party they had arranged.

When I answered the telephone I could hear that her charming voice with its lilting French accent was full of tears. I was quite moved. A husband has so many weapons in his hand and the humiliation of a beautiful woman is not the least of them.

"She's coming up to London, staying at the Dorchester as usual," he said. "She says that she can't stand any more, and I don't blame her. She's taken a suite there. See what you can do about a table for to-night, even if you have to bribe the head waiter."

I managed to fix it, and as I was finishing my work I heard the doorbell ring.

It was Madame de Lessis. She was wearing a white ermine jacket, cunningly cut, and a black evening dress. Diamonds flashed in her ears and on her arms. As I opened the door to her, the pungence of her perfume hit me. I recognized it. It was a little number of one of the French houses called "*Prends Moi*." Ten pounds a bottle.

MADAME DE LESSIS came in with her usual charming smile, and sat down to wait for Tom. She did not look a figure of tragedy. Certainly she was dressed in black, but it had no mourning look about it, and as she took off her jacket in the heat of the flat, it occurred to me that it was a subtly inviting dress.

I noticed she was wearing the flowers which I had chosen. Large white orchids with some white heather. They certainly looked well on the black.

"You don't mind my going on working?" I asked.

"Not a bit," she said. "I think it is so clever of you to be able to type."

I smiled feebly. Rich idle women always tell you it is so clever of you to be able to type. Personally I think it is much cleverer to be a *poule de luxe*, but unfortunately there are no courses in that at Pitmans.

Madame de Lessis sat quite quietly watching me work. She neither smoked, nor fidgeted, but sat calmly and expectantly with her exquisitely manicured hands in her lap. I was surprised. This seemed to be a woman in no distress of mind. She must have come to some decision. Obviously she had decided to end it all and divorce her husband. And I could not really blame her. There is a point at which one has to decide not to take any more, and she had reached it.

I heard Tom come in, and saying goodbye to Madame de Lessis, I decided it was tactful to beat a retreat.

As I went into the little hall, I heard her say:

"Your flowers just arrived before I left. So sweet of you to choose them so carefully."

"I knew you liked—" he hesitated, and I could imagine him looking at the flowers quickly, "orchids and heather."

"It was the heather which touched me," she said, "*White* heather—I have always been so fond of heather."

I wondered, as I closed the door quietly, if she would have been so touched by it if unaccompanied by orchids.

I think even Tom was disturbed at the depth of emotion he had aroused in Madame de Lessis. That she was really in love with him there was no shadow of doubt.

It was a genuine emotional upheaval on a scale he had never known before, and, as I say, he had known several, including a blonde with three children in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and a brunette in Peoria, Illinois. You see, I knew quite a lot about Tom by this time.

He was extremely amusing about his love affairs, and the way he told them had an attractive mixture of cynicism and naïvety which was refreshing.

BUT Madame de Lessis was quite another proposition. When one gets into the uncharted seas of dealing with people of another nationality, none of the usual rules seem to apply. And Madame de Lessis was French, which was something new in his life.

He was perhaps a little shocked at the casual way in which the set in which she lived took the solidity of marriage for granted while believing in a little love on the side.

He strongly thought of marrying her. For she had told him she must get divorced, she could not remain tied to a man who had so grossly deceived her for so many years. It was a sentiment which agreed with Tom's conscience and the American Way of Life.

All went well. It would, perhaps, be the wrong simile to say as merrily as a marriage bell, but it certainly seemed the prelude to a gay divorce.

Madame de Lessis moved into the Dorchester for good. I used to see her often. She would pop in at odd times for a drink, or a little chat, and the flat always had a lingering perfume of "*Prends Moi*" hanging in the air.

"She's writing to her husband demanding a divorce," said Tom, "I think it's the right thing to do. He's a heel, if ever there was one."

"What about you?"

He hesitated. "I don't know, she's in love, there's no doubt about it." He seemed a little worried. It looked as if the unattainable had become the possible.

"She's attractive and sweet, and there comes a time——"

"In every man's life when he feels like settling down." I concluded.

We laughed. "It's true," he said, "I shall have to get married some time, and she's got a lot of the things I like."

"That I can *well* believe," I said.

WHAT transpired in the following weeks, I don't know, but Madame de Lessis turned up at the flat one evening about cocktail time. She was distracted, she was sobbing. But not enough to disturb her make-up. I put her in a chair and gave her a very strong whisky.

"Forgive me," she said, "I hardly know what I am doing." After drinking her whisky she calmed down enough to pull herself together, and preserve the social amenities.

When Tom came in I left them together.

The cause of her distress was understandable, her husband had flatly refused to be divorced. In fact he had very nastily come back, and said he would divorce *her*. And not on account of Tom, he knew nothing about Tom.

The hub of the matter was that Monsieur de Lessis had no intention of having his family name sullied. Madame de Lessis was at her wit's end. She had nothing to live for. She loved Tom, but now she could never marry him. But they must be together come what may. Something would have to be done. If she could not have Tom her life was a desert.

"I had quite a time persuading her that life was worth living," he said. "But she is so emotional. I really am afraid that she will kill herself. These Frenchwomen—" All the aftermath of the emotional storms of the previous evening lay in his sigh.

"It appears that the de Lessis family are very well known in Lyons," said Tom. "They own silk factories, and she says that her husband intends to upset the marriage settlements and get custody of the two girls."

This was the first I had heard of the children, and I expressed some surprise.

"Yes, she's devoted to the girls. They're in a convent in Paris."

"If you ask me," I said, "the thing she's really worried about is the marriage settlement. I know the French."

Tom looked extremely shocked.

"She's not a bit interested in money," he said, and there was a slight coldness in his voice at my cynicism. "After all, she's rich in her own right. Why should she worry?"

"However rich you are, a little bit more is always useful," I added.

"You don't understand her a bit. What I'm really worried is her and me."

"Not very good grammar," I said.

"Hell, who cares. I've got a case of love on my hands. I'm very fond of her, she's sweet."

"I'm sure she is," I said without conviction.

"You're the darndest secretary I've ever had," he said. "I'm sorry I told you about it."

"I won't say another word. She's in love with you, and you're going to live happily ever after."

"*If* I can persuade her to live."

He could, and she did. And they lived very happily together in all the best hotels and night clubs for two months.

I WAS quite touched by their devotion to one another. In the way of women with men who are their property, she began to rely on him in small ways like entertaining her friends, and being there when she gave parties, and paying for the drinks and dinners afterwards. It is these little things which draw people together.

One evening, he in his turn was expecting some business acquaintances from New York. He said they were a bit dull but he wanted everything to be nicely arranged.

I ordered the flowers and snacks, and sent out for the drink. There was only one thing lacking. We had no ice, for there was no fridge in the flat. But Madame de Lessis had promised to bring some round in a bucket from the Dorchester. And she was going to be with us at five-thirty, before the guests arrived.

Tom was very fussy about the ice, and like most Americans he attached a great deal of importance to it.

We finished our work. I tidied up the flat, I laid out the glasses, and the snacks and all was ready.

Tom changed, and said to me. "Just stick around, because you can fix the drinks when the ice comes."

We had a drink together which Tom gulped with horrible faces because of its being warm.

"I don't know how you British can take drinking hot liquor," he said.

The hands of the little gilt clock crept round to half past five. The guests were arriving at six.

WE had another warm drink. At a quarter to six the doorbell rang.

"The ice!" said Tom triumphantly. No man ever awaited the arrival of his well-beloved more impatiently than Tom awaited his ice. He rushed to the door, but it was the porter with a cable from America.

His face fell.

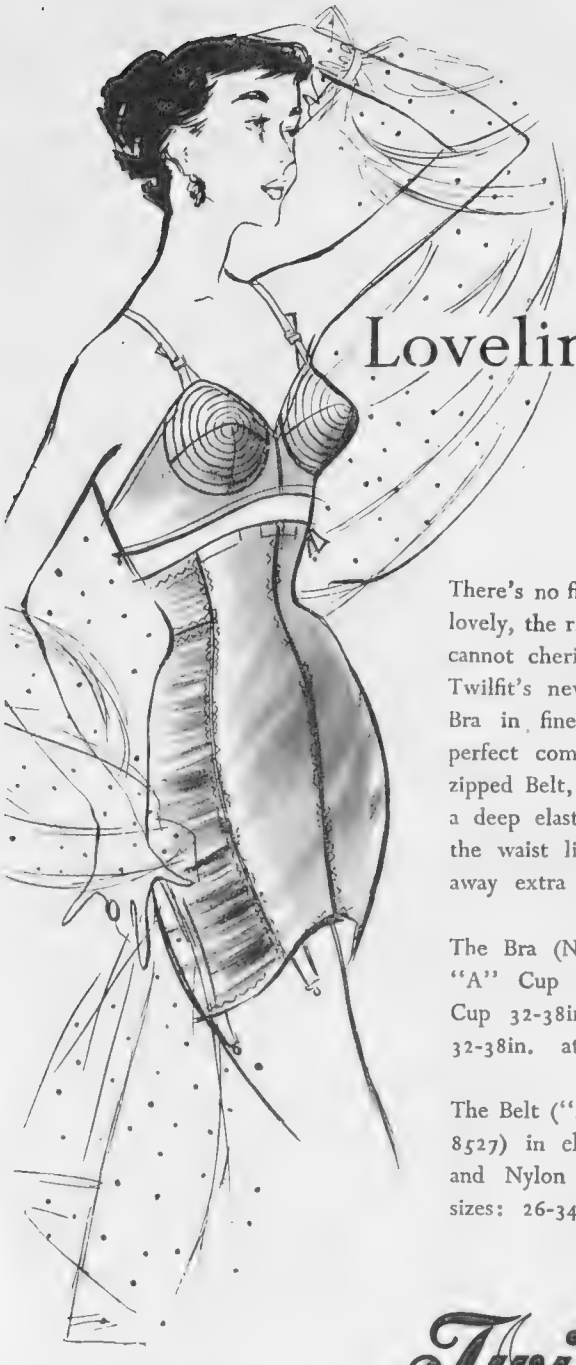
"Surely she must come soon," he said, throwing down the cable impatiently.

The telephone bell rang. I rushed to answer it.

The lazy relaxed voice of Madame de Lessis said, "Oh, is Tom there?" She was always very informal.

I handed him the phone without a word.

"Hallo? Where are you?" His voice had an edge of impatience with her, which I had never heard before. (*Continued on page 76*)



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"In the *bath?*"

I knew she had a telephone in her bathroom. It was one of the luxuries I had envied her.

She went into what was obviously a long explanation of her doings during the day. His only replies were "Yes" and "No" spoken in a wooden way. Finally, he said, "Okay, be seeing you." and with pursed lips put back the receiver.

"Of all the damned selfish—" he left the rest blank. "She is in her bath. She had to spend longer than usual at the hairdressers, they painted her nails the wrong colour, and her hair looked dreadful, so they had to do it twice over. She's terribly sorry. But she'll be late. So—NO ICE!" He was really furious, so angry that I felt a little nervous.

"I'll get some ice from home," I said, "Give me ten bob for a taxi, and I'll be back in less than twenty minutes. They're sure to be late."

AS I put on my hat, he still continued to inveigh against Madame de Lessis.

"It's only once I ask her to do one small thing for me, and she is too darned lazy and selfish to do it. Just a bucket of ice, it's not much to ask. Is it?" He turned dramatically to me.

"And another thing—I think you were right about the marriage settlements. There's only one thing worries her—herself."

I snatched up my coat, and ran for it. I was not going to be involved. The necessity was ice, and quickly.

In twenty-five minutes dead, I was back, carrying the precious cubes in two thermos flasks.

I mixed a highball—with ice—his eyes followed my hands, as I did so. From the moment the tall glasses started to frost his anger died. It was like the first beneficent rays of the sun waking the spring flowers to life. They say a touch of frost is good for celery—it has the same effect on Americans.

The guests arrived and soon the room was full of high pointless chatter, empty laughter, full glasses and—not least—the soothing chink of ice.

When the doorbell rang for the second time half an hour later I knew it was Madame de Lessis. I let her in.

Her time at the hairdressers had been well spent. She was a picture straight out of *L'Officiel*—her short tulle dress revealed her perfect legs, her flashing diamonds echoed the highlights in her hair, her little feet in her jewelled sandals were a poem in themselves, and over her shoulders cascaded a mantle of platinum fox.

Her entrance was perfect—a leading actress could have done no better. A little smile, a pause on the threshold an outstretched hand heavy with diamonds. There was only one trouble. Tom was deep in conversation with a Vice-President. He did not even turn his head.

The sound of wedding bells had become so faint as to be indistinguishable.

A few days later Tom was recalled to America.

He gave me two pounds the day he left, "Buy Madame de Lessis some flowers," he said.

"What sort?"

"Oh anything, and put in my card."

I bought roses, lovely dark red roses with tight buds, and for a sentimental touch, I added a little white heather. She had always been so fond of heather.

I rang up her suite from the florists to make sure that she was going to be in London that week-end, but the porter told me that she was not expected back till Monday.

I asked the girl in the florists what we could do, for she had already made up the bouquet.

"Well, Madam, we can easily deliver on Monday. The flowers can stay in the fridge over the week-end, you know."

So I agreed that we could put the flowers on ice. It seemed appropriate.

END

The Great Edwardian Actors

(*Continued from page* 33)

THOSE actor-managers collected a following, not only for themselves but for their theatres. They sold branded goods, each theatre had its own policy—and consistency is a most valuable theatre asset. And they preserved the illusion of the theatre too. You never saw them here, there and everywhere. They lived in a world of their own, and if you wanted to meet them you went to their theatre and saw them in their own sphere, at their very best, on the farther side of the footlights—which is the way every actor and actress should be seen—in the world of illusion which the footlights create.

One of them was George Alexander. He became Sir George and never was knighthood better bestowed. The St. James's Theatre was his domain and it became the very esssence of the then distinguished and exclusive district in which it stood. It had been an unlucky playhouse. It was a bit too far West, they said. When he went there, all that changed. For George Alexander was the very quintessence of that strange elusive quality known as "West End."

His keynote was dignity in all things and high comedy on the stage. He ran his theatre with perfection, it had the atmosphere of a beautiful English mansion or famous country house. Politeness and civility were everywhere. It shone, but it did not glisten. About it was the quality of the perfectly polished riding boot, the *patine* of a period piece of furniture.

He engaged people because he knew they could play the parts. He did not expect to have to teach them their business at rehearsals. He went into the smallest detail before rehearsals began. He would work in the closest of contact with his author—for mostly he commissioned the plays in which he appeared and they were written for the St. James's.

Consequently when rehearsals began, there was no hurry scurry and wild rush. There were no long weary all-night rehearsals. They began at 10 a.m. and they ended at 2.30 p.m. Only the dress rehearsals exceeded that time. And they were works of art, even if they did not always succeed.

He made the St. James's the home of English comedy. There Sir Arthur Pinero rose to his real greatness—for he could fit Sir George to a nicety and Sir George knew how to play what the dramatist had written. It was at the St. James's that Alexander produced that play which was a milestone of the stage, which Pinero wrote—*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.*

It was first produced in the year 1893. Now it is a museum piece but an object lesson in how to write a play. Mrs. Patrick Campbell stormed London. The performance was unforgettable by those who saw it then, or in the revivals later—when she and Alexander played in it. With what unerring aim the keynote of the character was struck in the first scene when the actress spoke the line—which the dramatist put there on purpose—about the eating of expensive fruit. There was the whole woman in a nutshell. They all understood it. And how well Alexander understood the part of Aubrey Tanqueray.

For all that he was a perfect gentleman in the understanding of the period—the apparent slave of convention and good breeding—the incurable Romanticism of the man shone through. It was a lovely performance, no wit less clever, if less showy, than that of Mrs. Pat.

That lovely woman was a thing of tempestuous temperament. She was, in the theatre, what is known as a headache. It was not long before she and Alexander were at cross purposes—not even the tremendous dignity of the St. James's could quell Mrs. Pat. She displeased Alexander. Now, it was not his habit to administer verbal rebuke to members of his company. That was beneath him. He did it, diplomatically, in writing.

So he sent a note to Mrs. Patrick Campbell which said: "Mr. George Alexander presents his compliments to Mrs. Patrick Campbell and begs that she will be good enough not to laugh at him on the stage." That, he thought, was that! The reply came back, also in writing: "Mrs. Patrick Campbell presents her compliments to Mr. Alexander and begs to inform him that she does *not* laugh at him on the stage. She waits until she gets home." It was a defeat for the actor-manager.

ALL the best people wrote for, played at and went to the St. James's Theatre. He did not always stage comedies. He sometimes ventured into Shakespeare and stage a very lovely version of *As You Like It*, with an ideal Rosalind in the adorable person of Julia Neilson. He played Orlando. And singing the songs was Bertram Wallis, with an all-star cast. Alexander staged Anthony Hope's romantic drama, *The Prisoner Of Zenda*, playing both Rudolf Rassendyl and the King of Ruritania. He made that magic book come to life. "Ruritania" became his telegraphic address. In that company with him were Herbert Waring, Charles Glenney, Allen Aynesworth, Robert Loraine, Franklyn Dyall, Mabel Hackney, Olga Brandon and those two beautiful women and fine actresses, Evelyn Millard and Lily Hanbury. That looks like an indifferent cast, does it not?

He did poetic plays, too, which may surprise the youngsters who think they are something new in the theatre. He staged a play by Stephen Phillips, a master of plays in poetry, called *Paolo And Francesca*. That wicked actor-manager actually stood down from the lead, and contented himself with a minor rôle, so as to give a young man, unknown to London, and fresh from the Benson Shakespearean company, a chance to show what he could do.

That young man's name was Henry Ainley. He was a major sensation. Such manly beauty, such masculinity welded to the picturesque, such a complete embodiment of Italian Renaissance Romance, had not been seen before. Audiences caught their breath at the very sight of him. He lacked experience then but his personal beauty and his wonderful voice made up for that. He had his chance and it was given him by one of those wolfishly greedy actor-managers. He took it, too. He played Paolo and lovely, gracious Evelyn Millard was the Francesca. Those two are a memory to be enshrined.

Matheson Lang and Godfrey Tearle were others whom Alexander encouraged by good chances. Perhaps the best play Alexander ever did was that Pinero masterpiece *His House In Order*. This was a real St. James's play and perhaps the model play for craftsmanship of all time.

THAT first production, in 1906, was a landmark in theatre history. Here was an enthralling play with a perfect cast, perfectly acted. Lyal Swete, C. M. Lowne, Beryl Faber and Bella Pateman were the horrible, ineffable "Ridgeleys," Herbert Waring, Iris Hawkins, Dawson Milward, Nigel Playfair, Robert Horton, E. Vivian Reynolds (the St. James's stage manager), Gerald Jerome, Anthony Fawcett, Marcelle Chevalier and the one and only Irene Vanbrugh, were the other members of the cast. Alexander, always the master of the long speech, excelled himself in that description of the unappreciated pastry-cook.

Oscar Wilde said of George Alexander that "he did not act. He behaved." Some similar behaviour would be welcome to-day. Here was a man who was master of his craft and master of his audience. His house, the St. James's Theatre, (*Continued on page* 78

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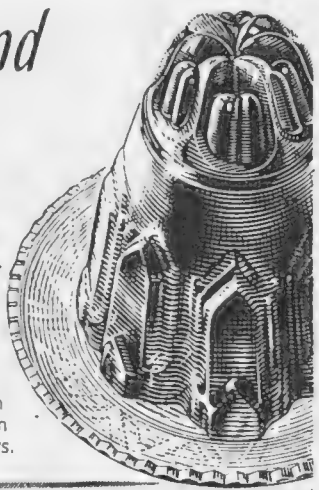

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was always in perfect order. He conducted it with the dignity he thought was correct for his profession. When he left his office-dressing-room, which was in the front of the house geographically, his stage manager always walked before him to prepare and keep clear the path. It was not "swank." It was inherent. He believed in that.

The best method of appraising the quality of the St. James's is to quote from one of its programmes. It says: "Mr. George Alexander earnestly requests that the ladies who frequent the St. James's Theatre intent on viewing the play will remember that a similar desire actuates those who may be seated behind them. If therefore they would remove their hats and leave them in the cloakroom specially provided for the purpose, for which there is no charge, they would be conferring a favour not only upon the management but upon their fellow members of the audience." What about that? Could you see the like to-day? And at the St. James's, not only the cloakrooms, but the programmes were free. The actor-managers considered that the public, their guests, had paid sufficient when they paid for their seats. They did not mulct them further to find out what the play was about. . . .

THE same quality, if a little lighter in touch, obtained at the Haymarket Theatre, that theatre of perfection, when Cyril Maude was actor-manager there. He was the ideal light comedian, but he was also an actor of versatility. Everything about him bore the stamp of quality and he never lost it until he passed on at the age of ninety. He was always the youngest man in any company in which he found himself.

If ever there was an actor of quality, it was Cyril Maude. There was a radiance about him. He had only to come upon the stage, or enter a room, and it was as if the sun shone, or the lights had been turned up. He was a well bred and well educated man and that aura was always about him. He never lost it . . . the years took nothing from him. He no more surrendered than did that character in the above-mentioned play which he embodied with such complete mastery, Major Christopher Bingham. In his retirement he lived in South Devon.

He was a great actor—and a great gentleman. He ran the Playhouse after he left the Haymarket and took the same quality of performance there. He left a mark not to be erased by the production and his performance therein, of *The Flag Lieutenant*. He gave a special matinee at the Haymarket to mark his eightieth birthday. The theatre was packed by people who had come to see once more, the man who had given them so many wonderful hours. They came in bathchairs, on the arms of attendants walking with sticks, and walking as upright as Cyril Maude himself.

THERE were wonderful women at the Haymarket, too. Winifred Emery, Cyril Maude's wife, was of genuine and distinguished theatrical descent and an actress of the highest quality. She had beauty and she had talent. She lived in the days of giants and giantesses and her full stature was never sufficiently realized. She had a compelling tenderness and an emotional range of immense scope. She, too, had radiance.

There was Ellis Jeffreys—what an actress! What personality, what command, what stature! She was tall and she was handsome. She could play comedy, she could command a tear. She had a certainty of attack—every word hit the back wall. How she could time a phrase, and how she could put over a comedy line! She was a very smart woman and, if not strictly beautiful, she had great attraction and such poise. She was always a delight—she never let a line down. She was a great favourite with both King George V and Queen Mary.

The Great Edwardian Actors

BUT towering over them all, supreme amongst the greatest of the actor-managers, is the figure of Sir Herbert Tree, the man who brought something to the stage which was unique. He understood all about it—his dictum was that the whole business of the stage was illusion. In that he was dead right. His idea of illusion was to give, in a play, something so real that it was difficult to believe it was mere make-believe. No bad form of theatrical illusion, either.

HE had a wonderful sense of humour—he loved a joke. Stories about him are without end. He loved to laugh. And he made everyone around him happy. He would work them almost to exhaustion but he never asked them to do what he did not do himself. His aim was perfection—and even in his failures he achieved it.

He was held in reverence and rightly so. He was the true leader of the stage—there has not been such a personality since. He was a very great and a very lovable man. Irving did not like him. It did not matter to Tree. Irving called him a mountebank. Tree was delighted. People try to compare the two of them. That is not possible. But it should be remembered that Irving lifted the theatre from a depth and placed it on a height where it stood when Tree arose—and Tree had to carry on. He succeeded—and that is what should be remembered about him.

In His Majesty's was enshrined the greatness of a great epoch of the theatre. And the man who made it great and gave it a soul was Sir Herbert Tree. May his memory never die.

END

A Holiday Cruise (*Continued from page* 16)

inadequately clothed—life below decks is intolerable in the throes of *mal de mer*!—can be a very trying ordeal indeed. True, fur-coats and thick tweeds can soon be discarded, once the Bay of Biscay is crossed; but they'll be needed again for the return trip, so they shouldn't be stowed away out of reach when flying fish weather is approached.

There is not the slightest need to take extra rations on such a holiday: the ship provides practically everything eatable that can be desired, usually in rich profusion. Similarly with beverages—whose price is less than would be asked ashore in Britain. And if the cruiser is lucky enough to call at a Spanish port, like Vigo, he or she can buy three bottles of first-class sherry for an English pound.

* * *

If the cruise be to Madeira or the Atlantic islands—the Canaries or the Azores—a great treat awaits the traveller. The great advantage, of course, of a cruise is that the liner serves as a mobile hotel, accompanying the holiday-maker whithersoever he cares to go; and this does away with the annoyance and expense of locating accommodation at each new port of call. Madeira is one of the loveliest places in the world, in my estimation—and I've seen most patches of beauty.

The charm of the scenery is matched by the welcoming hospitality of the natives, where old Iberian courtesies still linger in a ruder world. The atmosphere itself is the clearest I have ever known, so much so that even from the anchorage it seems easily possible to reach out and touch the mile-distant shore. Fanned by soft sea-breezes, the air is tonic, not enervating; and the glow of colour, especially in the autumn, must be seen to be credited. Poinsettia, hibiscus, bougainvillea abound, draping the white-washed walls of the picturesque *casas* like fairy tapestries.

When the wickerwork vendors, and the peddlers of those exquisite Madeiran embroideries appear, one is apt to curse the currency restrictions, so full of temptation are these wares. Incredibly cheap, too, considering their beauty and utility, just as are the famous silver filigrees which adorn the windows of so many low-fronted shops in Funchal. As for the fruit—but it is best not to be tempted; anyhow, the ship will have laid in a stock of grapes, bananas and oranges sufficient to satisfy your greediest needs—all included in the passage-money! That limited allowance is the bugbear of to-day's liner-cruising.

MADEIRA has plenty of unique attractions to offer, from the leisurely ox-carts to the fast-scudding sleds that tear down the rocky, steep-slanted mountain roads, between flower-hung walls. There are plenty of motors for extended trips, though the limits of this paradisical island would seem hardly to be able to contain them. The wine-lodges are the main attraction, perhaps. Madeira wine is a potent cross between port and sherry; it is eminently palatable, in the island it is cheap and plentiful. Women like it, because of the rich, satisfying glow it imparts to the quickened blood. In one such wine-lodge, you'll probably be able to sample wine that was vatted at much about the time Napoleon Bonaparte met his first defeat at Beresina, wine with 140 years of history behind it, scented like roses, sparkling almost as vigorously as champagne. This particular vintage is not cheap!

There's also an enticing casino, where roulette is regularly played, especially when a cruising liner is in harbour; but here, again, the currency restrictions put a brake on the wheel of one's venturesomeness, even though one is tempted to augment the scanty allowance by winning a major coup! And after a whirling day of excitement, in a balmy climate, amid profuse scents and the slow, seductive whispering of sugar-cane, there's no need to scout about in search of hotel accommodation; it's all there awaiting you aboard the liner, with a dinner de luxe to offer first welcome.

ATTENTIVE stewards minister to your whims with great solicitude. These specialists seem to know your desires almost before they shape in your own mind—as a result of long experience with fastidious travellers, I suppose! Which brings me to the point that presents a problem to the liner-cruiser, from embarkation to landing at final home port—how much shall I give in tips? There are so many attendants to look after one's comfort: bedroom steward, table steward, bathroom steward, deck steward, smoke-room steward, to mention but a few of this army of service. I've heard travellers say that this problem of gratuities spoils the entire voyage: fear of giving too little or too much. Others complain that it doubles the original passage-money to satisfy all calls on their generosity, to enable them to disembark with all deserving people content, and not glancing scornfully at what has been left in their hands.

In the first place, remember that a liner steward receives a considerable basic wage, unlike his pre-war predecessor. Time was when a member of the domestic staff was given a maximum of four pounds per month; and relied on gratuities for absolute existence. Now, he draws at least six times as much monthly, so starvation doesn't exactly stare him in the face! It used to be reckoned quite fair to divide one-tenth of the passage-money between such as served one. That is, if the cruiser-ticket cost forty pounds, four pounds was a handsome percentage. Cruise fares have trebled or quadrupled since then, however, and a tenth of, say a hundred pounds, is apt to make a big hole in the £25 allowance, out of which tips are supposed to come.

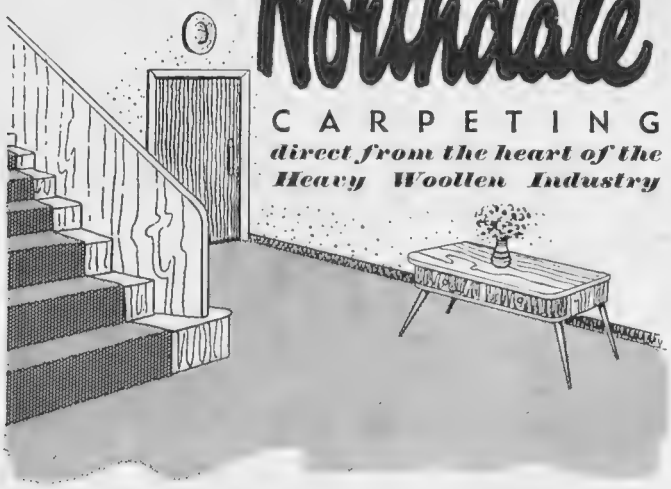
One way of (*Continued on page* 80)

Introducing

Northdale

CARPETING

direct from the heart of the Heavy Woollen Industry



Northdale has a luxurious tread and is a hardwearing woollen mixture carpet. It is equally suitable for stairs, hall or room. The non-slip rubberized back eliminates underfelt and the carpet can be easily cut with penknife or scissors. It does not require binding and will not fray. The range of colours is new and refreshing. Northdale is the perfect answer to *your* carpeting problems.

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A MESSAGE for MOTHER

When your child refuses good food at mealtimes, looks pale and listless—these are often signs the youngster is constipated. When you notice them, act at once, Mother!

To bring back your child's eager appetite and high spirits 'California Syrup of Figs' is Mother's natural choice. This laxative, which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action—besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

'California Syrup of Figs' will soon regulate the youngster's system and back will come those high spirits and eager appetite.

Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy—buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' today (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter

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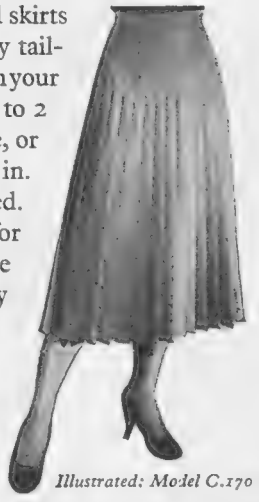

Illustrated: Model C.170

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dodging this costly levy is to make out a cheque to the chief steward for a total amount, and ask him to divide it amongst those deserving. At voyage-end, that is. Liner chief stewards are generally men of some affluence, with bank accounts in home ports. By passing over a cheque, no laws are broken, since the money involved does not leave the country, and the travel allowance is not encroached upon.

AS to the actual amount offered : it depends on the length of the cruise and the amount of service exacted. Also, the means of the passenger can be taken into account. An elderly maiden lady, of limited income, travelling alone, wouldn't be expected to give as much as a pleasure-seeking countess of unlimited income, if such a person exists in these days of austerity.

I usually went on the principle of giving table steward and bedroom steward a pound apiece for a three-week cruise; with ten shillings to the bathroom steward—and he earns that, since the shipboard bath is a rare luxury, as every cruiser knows; the bathroom steward being as solicitous as a first-child mother that you should never miss your turn, and yet be granted time for comfortable indulgence—and another ten shillings to the deck steward, who arranges your deck-chair in a suitable position, brings up delicacies when you're settling in and disinclined to go below to the saloon for the stereotyped meals, fetches you books from the library—which you seldom contrive to finish, because there's always something happening around you to distract your attention from the printed page—wraps you in rugs if the sea-breeze is chilly; and generally adds enormously to your comfort.

So far as the smoke-room steward is concerned, I always found it most convenient to tip as each drink was brought; and also to pay for the beverages on consumption; since if you adopt the "chit" system, the total mounts up unbelievably when the final reckoning is made.

Above all, never, never make the glaring mistake of attempting to tip an officer! He is probably but little better paid than a senior steward, and such *largesse* might be welcome to his economic scheme of life; but, in all likelihood, he holds the Queen's commission as an officer in the Royal Naval Reserve, and there is his professional dignity to be considered. Anyhow, it's never been customary to tip officers; though the captains of old John Company's East Indiamen used to make a display of presentation plate towards the end of each passage, presumably to tempt satisfied passengers to add to the handsome collection!

If one is fortunate enough to find the same steward acting as bedroom and table steward, then thirty shillings might be deemed an adequate recompense for services rendered. If man and wife be travelling together, such gratuities would naturally be increased—probably doubled; and there would also be a stewardess to be remembered in the final pay-out, if her services have been in demand.

WITH this problem settled, the cruiser can devote himself to enjoyment. And there is plenty in store for him, or her. The gates of enchantment are thrown wide to the cruising passenger. There's no place like a ship in which to "get away from it all." The rest to nerves and body is inestimable. A ship is a world in itself, into which the normal cares of life seldom intrude. Even the daily newspaper, printed aboard, loses its interest where it publishes the radio news from the world outside. There's far more interest in the drawing of the daily sweepstake on the ship's run than in the fate of nations. This relaxation is the finest tonic imaginable for such as have been overharassed by life's cares ashore.

Plenty of interest can be found aboard, when the ship is at sea. Usually there is a devoted staff to arrange all conceivable types of entertainment. This is far better then relying on an elected sports committee drawn from the passengers themselves, as these breed odd jealousies which do not help mutual happiness.

There are many diversities, day and night : deck tennis, golf, bullboard; the gymnasium supplies all necessary apparatus for the pursuit of physical fitness. There is a dance every night, and for those too elderly to indulge, there's always bridge and canasta, or, for the speculators, poker or "housey-housey." There are film shows, too—and not of ancient mildewed films at that; but the latest releases. To say nothing of animated concerts, since such a company as the average cruising liner collects always seem to number several accomplished artists in its composition.

But in the majority of cases, the actual sea-voyage is merely a preliminary to sight-seeing ashore. The ship is the magic carpet that carries you to the world's wonders—whether the Far East or merely to the western Mediterranean. The diversity of travel depends, quite naturally, on the size of the traveller's purse. Rich, beneficial enjoyment can be got from a twelve-day trip to North Africa—including Tangier and Casablanca, with a call, perhaps, at Las Palmas or Teneriffe; just as it can be obtained from a world-cruise. North Africa is the first link with the radiant East. Teneriffe is an Atlantic milestone known well to early Portugese navigators who were far from sure then anything solid existed to the south and west, and daringly set sail to satisfy their curiosity.

MANY cruising folk wonder just what should be the procedure in sightseeing ashore : should the tourist agencies' incomparable services be employed, or should a local guide be employed to introduce the curious to the items of interest?

In present circumstances, I think the tourist agencies supply the best answer. The main advantage is that you can pay for all expeditions in advance, in sterling, without intruding on that precious meagre £25. True, many of the organized expeditions are stereotyped; a sort of mob-migration; but to rely on ones own self, to hire a local guide, and plan one's own itinerary, makes terrific inroads into the limited sum of money available.

I always used to prefer the latter course; but to make a success of it, you need to have a working knowledge of the language and customs of such countries as are visited, as well as loose purse-strings. If you rely on the tourist agencies, you'll see everything worth seeing—except the unusual—and this will titillate your curiosity enough to make you wait hopefully for better times; when cash supplies are more lavish than is the case to-day. If you prefer to play the lone wolf game, the agencies can arrange private transport—at a price; if you are gregarious, motor buses are always available. You pay your money and you take your choice.

But of one thing you can be well assured. For sheer ecstasy of enjoyment, for variety, for the chance of making rich, friendly contacts with your own kind, there is nothing to equal a liner-cruise. When you board the ship initially, at Tilbury or elsewhere, probably on a drizzling, bitter English summer day, you decide, at a glance, that your shipmates-to-be are a pretty dud lot; but by the time mackintoshes and mufflers are shed, and the chrysales burst forth in tourist splendour—generally at dinner the first night out—you'll conclude that they're a pretty decent lot, all of them infected with that peculiar ship-fever which breaks down the typical British reserve, all of them anxious to be friendly. The most valued friends I have were met during sea-cruises; and that reward alone is well worth while.

END

Button-through Jersey (*Continued from page* 54)

When work measures 7 ins. (68 rows to match back) change back to No. 12 needles and inc. at armhole edge at end of next row.

Work 3 rows without shaping. Rep. these 4 rows 8 times (86 sts.).

Inc. at armhole edge on next row. Work 2 rows without shaping. Rep. these 3 rows 11 times (98 sts.).

Inc. at armhole edge on next 12 rows (110 sts.).

Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 p. rows (126 sts.).

Continue on these sts. for 8 rows. Inc. at armhole edge on next and every following 8th row.

When work measures 19¾ ins. cast off 22, k. to end of row. Take 2 tog. at neck edge on next 11 rows.

Now, before neck shaping is finished and when work measures 20¼ ins., cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 10 p. rows and 8 sts. at beg. of last p. row.

Work left front to match right front, but reverse all shapings and omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces well under damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. With No. 13 needles pick up 110 sts. round bottom of sleeve and work 22 rows. Cast off. Work second sleeve to match. With No. 13 needles pick up 120 sts. round neck, beg. 4 sts. from side of buttonhole on right side of neck and ending at equivalent distance on left side. Work 22 rows. Cast off. Press these edges well, press over and hem down neatly, making the stand-up collar. Press front edges, making sure that buttonholes match exactly. Sew the sets of buttonholes tog. and neaten carefully. Catch down fronts very lightly and face with matching binding if necessary. Sew on buttons in sets of three. Join side seams. Press again.

END

The Fashionable Bolero (*Continued from page* 55)

4th row 12 times (34 sts.); every 2nd row 10 times (44 sts.). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join centre back seam with a back st. ¼ in. down. Join fronts to back, starting from cuff ends. Make a small dart on each side of centre back seam, ½ in. away from seam, about ⅝in. at top, tapering to nothing, and 3 ins. in length. Pin out and press, under wet cloth, with a hot iron, flattening the seams carefully. Sew sleeve and side seams, press. Turn up and hem about ½ in. along bottom of back and round shaped fronts to the points. Press. Oversew collar from points at front to centre back, each piece overlaps centre seam by about ½ in. Sew on cuffs, turn back. Sew on green buttons, to each point of cuff, through to sleeve. Sew on black button, matching buttonhole.

If using button moulds, cover as follows : With No. 14 needles, cast on 6 sts. Work in g.st., inc. at beg. of every row until there are 15 sts., work 2 rows, then dec. at beg. of every row until 6 sts. remain. Cast off, leaving length of wool; run this wool round edge of piece, insert button mould, and pull up, fasten off securely. Make 1 in black and 4 in green wool.

END

Breakfast is better with CHUNKY

St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter-sweet taste of "Chunky" marmalade. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning. Nature's own goodness is in

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THERE'S ONLY ONE "CHUNKY" AND IT IS A PRODUCT OF ST. MARTIN'S, MAKERS OF FINE PRESERVES. MAIDENHEAD, ELY, NEWCASTLE, HORSTED KEYNES, BELFAST.

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Because it stimulates the circulation and restores the functional ability of tired muscles, the Pifco Vibratory Massager may be applied usefully in cases of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism and many kindred ailments.

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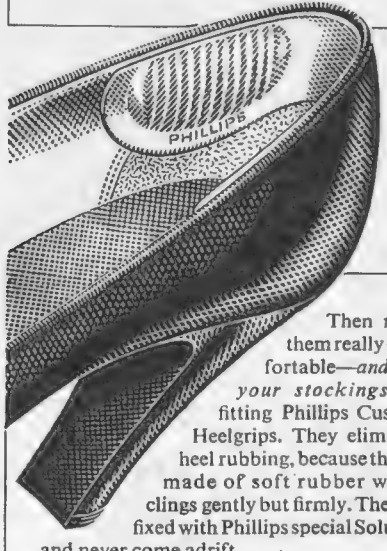
Are your shoes loose at heel?



Then make them really comfortable—*and save your stockings*—by fitting Phillips Cushion Heelgrips. They eliminate heel rubbing, because they're made of soft rubber which clings gently but firmly. They are fixed with Phillips special Solution and never come adrift.

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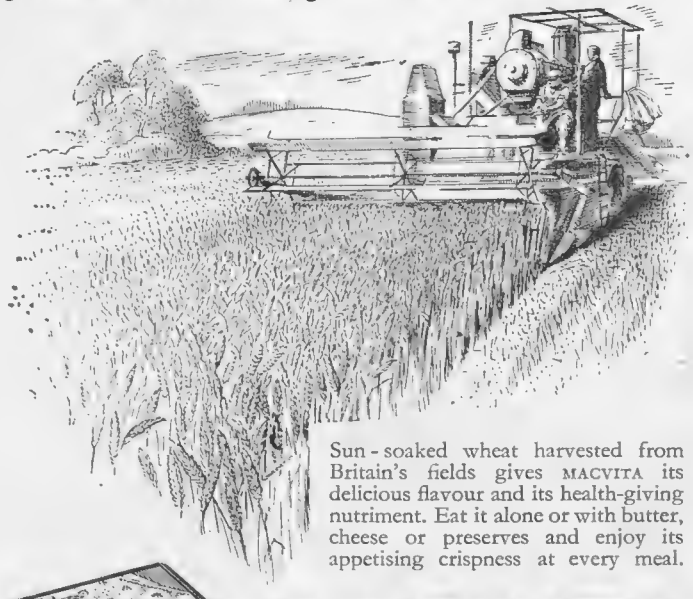

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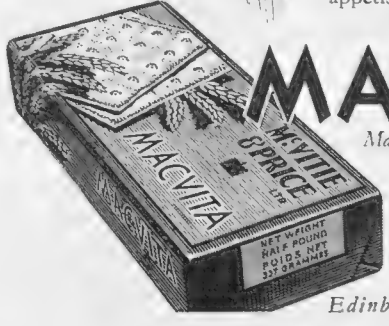

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After 25—

Dry Skin

begins to show

After the age of 25, there's no mistaking the signs of dry skin. Tiny lines, flakiness, dry patches, really begin to *show*.

These are signs that the natural oils of the skin are decreasing, and it's a fact that even before 40 the skin may lose as much as 20% of this softening oil.

Start at once to fight dry skin with a special new cream, Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make it wonderfully effective: 1. It is rich in lanolin—nearest to the natural skin oils. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a softening emulsifier.

Here's how to use Pond's Dry Skin Cream

LANOLIN-SOFTEN BY NIGHT: after cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream lavishly over your face and work in thoroughly, leaving a light film to soften your skin all night. Pond's Dry Skin Cream works *at once*—smooths away tiny lines.

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Lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream costs only 2/9 a jar.

The Lady Maureen Cooper

"Pond's Dry Skin Cream is superbly rich —quite the nicest I've used," she says.

Dry Skin?

This is the Answer

Country Letter (*Continued from page 46*)

I often think of Frank and his pig when I see the great hogging-hook that sticks out high up at the back of my open hearth. It would be on this that he (and who knows how many more generations of farm-hands before him) used to sling the pig's carcass for its first smoking. When I came to live here, it took the builder's man a long day to scrape away the accumulated grease and get through to the lovely Tudor bricks that are now my pride.

Just as I like the way my cottage reminds me sometimes of those who lived here before me, calling the old place home, so I like especially those trees in my garden that remind me of their givers. A case in point is the walnut tree. I would grow a walnut tree simply for the joy each spring of crushing its young brown leaves between finger and thumb and inhaling the smell of the rich oils they exude.

But this one I treasure also because of the man who gave it to me. It was a tiny stick of a thing then; but now it brushes the thatch and bears each year its increasing crop of nuts that are as sweet and meaty under their bitter skin as was my old friend himself. Harshly poor from birth and quite unschooled, he nevertheless lived one of the most fruitful, if modest, lives I have had the good fortune to come across. Countryman to the core, he farmed his acre like a true husbandman and yet found time to stand and stare, so that, like Clare the ploughman poet, he was impelled on occasion to set down his happiness in lines of homespun verse.

Like him, my walnut tree grew up the hard way. Its first setback was when I almost scythed it asunder where it was hidden among the tall June grasses. But I gave it a splint, bound it with tape, and miraculously it healed. Then one day I decided that I wanted it nearer the house, where I could the more readily enjoy its scent, and where, according to the reputation of walnut trees, it would help to keep away the flies. Still bearing its wound, like a warrior, it stubbornly thrived in its new home, until now its topmost boughs are level with the roof-ridge, and bird-song, wayward as my friend's verses, chimes continually in its summer leaves.

END

Orchids Are No Luxury (*Continued from page 27*)

Mr. Peter Black saw slips from one plant that began its life in 1875.

Talking about orchids in the evening, he said that Cattleyas—splendid, lush beauties—show at their best in artificial light which stars a magic glitter in their texture. One of the most exciting Cattleyas is seen in the centre of the colour picture—pale and deeper mauve, with a frilled lip edge—a breathtaking beauty. Another of the same species is pure white with a golden lip—this is called Bow Bells. Another fascinator is Dendrobrium Gatton Monarch, a deep lavender flower marked with velvet-brown as if a bee were settled permanently in its lovely lip.

AN interesting aspect of the orchid growing industry is its dollar earning capacity. America bought from us last year to the tune of many hundred dollars' worth. Orchids from one nursery alone have been exported to the U.S.A., Australia, South America, Hawaii, Fiji, Rhodesia, Holland and other far-flung places on the map.

Air travel makes all this possible for the fragile-looking beauties which are packed in wood wool shaving and boxes wrapped around with endless newspapers which protect them from the varying temperatures through which they have to pass over vast areas of the globe.

You have probably never doubted the beauty and the glamour of an orchid, perhaps now you will see them as luxuries to wear yourself and perhaps even to grow.

END

Can't Afford A Carriage (*Continued from page 59*)

much higher. When ordering wedding pictures in advance reach agreement about the price and don't leave it to chance. There is no justification for the high prices charged by some less reputable photographers. The charge may be a guinea for covering the wedding at the church and another for the reception.

When ordering prints restrain your enthusiasm (and the photographer's) for large size, elaborately mounted ones. Most people except intimate relations are happy to receive a smaller picture which is frequently removed from its expensive mounting to fit a frame. As for the bridal outfit—that last but most important item, white satin and orange blossom is, without doubt, the dearest wish of every bride-to-be, but the cost is formidable and few bridal outfits of the kind ever prove to have a later use. A short dress with a little shoulder length veil, a dress that will go to parties and adapt itself to other uses *is* a practical investment while the setting and the whole day's radiance will invest a pretty short gown with all the beauty that the day of days requires.

MURIEL SEGAL

Orpheus And Eurydice (*Continued from page 20*)

he would have nothing to do with them. All he wanted was to be left in peace to mourn his lost Eurydice.

A day of feasting came when all the women donned deer and leopard skins, garlanded their hair with vine leaves and ivy and myrtle, and celebrated the rites of the god Bacchus.

Seeing Orpheus sitting apart on a hillside mournfully playing his lyre, bitterly angry that he should so disdain them and their merry feasting, they began mocking him. "Orpheus and his Eurydice!" they sneered. "Always his poor Eurydice, his poor Eurydice! We are wearied with his Eurydice and his mournful music. This is a day for rejoicing, not for sorrow! Let us drown his miserable music!"

One flung a wreathed spear at him, others stones, but his music magically deflected them. Not to be defeated, they sang and shouted, clapped their hands, shrilled loudly on pipes, beat cymbals, blew trumpets, until all was pandemonium, his lyre could no more be heard and its spell was broken. Then they turned on the birds and beasts gathered about him, in an orgy of bloodlust, slaying them and tearing them to pieces. Seizing the implements of peasants ploughing and working in the fields nearby, they fell upon Orpheus in a fury with their maenad-hair streaming wildly behind them, tore him limb from limb, and flung his head and accursed lyre into the river Hebrus. No more would they be troubled with his music and his cold disdain.

The head and lyre, it was said, floated out to sea and across to the isle of Lesbos, which became the first place famous for lyre music and bred the first celebrated musician, Terpander. Where the limbs were buried the nightingales sang more sweetly than elsewhere. In the Elysian fields where Eurydice now dwelt, freed from Hades, the spirit of Orpheus joined her to wander with her eternally through the blessed vales of asphodel.

Thus did ancient legend portray the sorrow that mingles with the joy in virtually all music. In tender folk-song, in ballad, elegy, and deep-surging symphony Orpheus still mourns his lost Eurydice and finds recompense at last in eternal paradise.

END

only

INTELLIGENT WOMEN

WILL TEST THIS

It's clear proof of your good sense, when you're ready to form *your* own *judgments* about new ideas, instead of letting bias and prejudice condemn them untried. Perhaps that's why Tampax users are so often women of intelligence, with *enterprising* minds.

You see, it's impossible to judge the advantages of Tampax, over out-dated kinds of sanitary protection, until you've given it a personal trial. Once a woman has tested this completely different, completely modern form of *internal* protection, she wouldn't dream of putting up with the inconveniences and embarrassments of ordinary methods.

A Personal Trial

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Cutting-Out Problems

(*Continued from page 51*)

your cutting-out chart. You will see the different arrangements of the pieces of paper pattern on the material, according to its width. Choose the arrangement that is mentioned as the one for the width of your material, and lay your pattern on it in that arrangement.

If there is a design on your fabric, this is also the moment to consider it. For example, a check or striped material *must* run evenly at the seams, etc., or a flowered fabric should have the flowers grouped symmetrically on the two sides of the front, and so on.

Be sure that your pattern allows for turnings; most do, but if not, you must leave about ½in. all round for this purpose.

A good flat surface is essential for cutting out. The floor (spread with newspaper) is better than a small slippery table. Now lots of pins are a real need. It is well worth the effort of pinning your pattern in a large number of places to the fabric to avoid movement. Your scissors should be *sharp* and away you go.

Having cut the general outlines, do not skimp your attention to the guides for making up, such as the V and groups of marks indicating where seams are joined, etc. It is well worth most careful marking of these things. Often coloured chalks are helpful here, and quicker than guiding tacks.

Fitting, pressing and stitching. These are the preliminary stages of successful home dressmaking. The professional finish of the garment now depends on fitting, pressing and stitching, subjects which will be studied in future articles.

END

Soups And Spreads

(*Continued from page 60*)

thin bread and butter, the jam, the honey! And the wasps, who undoubtedly have received urgent wasp telegrams, and come hurrying to the feast. Well, humanitarian as I am, I'm agin feeding 'em, so even at the risk of offending the queen wasp, I keep jam for indoor meals, and use savoury spreads for out-of-door breads. Here are two you'll like, both based on cottage cheese, which, as you probably know, is made from sour milk, first allowed to set and then strained through muslin.

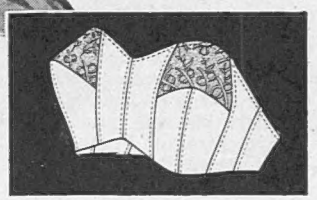
For the first you need a lot of spring onions, say a dozen crisp radishes, about three inches of peeled cucumber, a tablespoonful of fresh parsley, one hard-boiled egg, and, to cheese made from one pint of milk, about three ounces of margarine. Cream the margarine into the cheese, chop all the remaining ingredients, and whip into the cheese/margarine mixture until the result is fairly smooth and very white, apart from the specks of vegetables. Add salt to taste, and chill. Spread this on unbuttered bread, for it's creamy enough without butter.

For the second spread, add two ounces of margarine to the cheese and whip as before. Grate a small onion and add; also, if you like it, a little chopped red pimento. Then whip in a heaped teaspoonful of paprika and a teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Salt to taste. This resembles the Austrian *kaffelbiter*, and in spite of its ingredients it has a surprisingly cool taste.

One last word. If you must have cakes with jam or cream for garden teas (and why not, indeed!) cover them with a transparent plastic cover until you're ready to eat them. Then they don't come to your plate freshly decorated with a clinging black and yellow body. *A bas les wasps!*

END

POISE begins with a K



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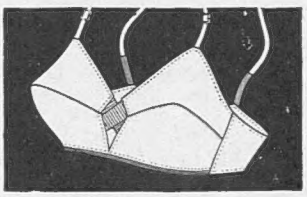

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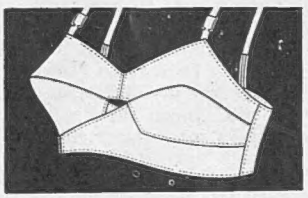

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Cuticura TALCUM

The Dollar Earner

(*Continued from page* 21)

In his book *Der Hund und Seine Racen* Dr. Fitzinger describes the Gros (or great) Pudel as being, "larger than the largest-sized Spaniel, which, however, he resembles in form."

Poodles first became popular in France during the eighteenth century. One amusing story concerns a poodle which was quite a Parisian character. The pet of a shoeblack, the dog was trained to increase his master's trade by rubbing himself in the river mud and then rolling over the shoes of passers-by. One day the dog was purchased by an Englishman and taken to London, but evidently a life of luxury did not suit him for he ran away from his new home and surprised the shoeblack by turning up again on his old pitch. No one knows whether he swam the Channel, but whatever his method of travel both his former master and all the customers were delighted to see him.

The poodle has always been recognized as an ideal gundog, especially for duck shooting because of his great skill in capturing wounded birds and aptitude as a water retriever. To provide more freedom in the water the poodle's coat was clipped off the hind-quarters, and so that sportsmen should not shoot the dog when it was half-hidden in the reeds and grasses, bright-coloured ribbons were tied to its head and tail.

All this was practical enough, but the aristocrats of France decided to make a real dandy of the poodle. Special barbers were employed to freak it up with lion mane, pompon tail, and all the crazy hair-dressing devices, which, in some quarters, has helped to victimize the breed. Old prints by French artists show market women trimming poodles on the banks of the River Seine. Many were obviously intended as satires. There is one of a sausage-maker wistfully looking at a poodle standing near his cooking stove, while another of a man with several of these dogs is entitled "The Flea Merchant."

And so it was that the poodle became associated with the travelling circus and freak show. Guyed up as a puppet, with its natural tendency to perform tricks, could there have been a better victim for sensational demonstration? One remembers the story of "Murito," who was a wizard with the cards, the poodle and the dancing bear, to mention but two examples of these dogs which were exploited by their owners.

TO-DAY you need not make a fool of your poodle by barbering him fantastically, although some form of clipping is advisable and for the show bench it is essential. If your pet is to become a stylist and perhaps the owner of valuable trophies, then it should have the traditional Lion Clip, with long hair on the head, ears, chest and body above the bottom rib. Face, feet and legs are clipped, leaving "bracelets" of hair on the wrists, ankles and knee joints. Loins and quarters are closely trimmed. The tail ends in a pompon.

However, your ambition towards poodle ownership may lie purely in his friendly qualities. If this is so, then clip him more or less as you please. Many a smart dog likes the "Astrakhan Trim," so that he has little curls all over his body, others favour the "Lamb Trim" which is rather similar but the face, feet and tail are clipped and hair on the ears is left long. Very popular indeed is the Royal Dutch Clip, where the poodle has a clean face, tuft on his head to resemble a Dutch cap, and long hair on the legs to give the appearance of a Dutchman's long, baggy trousers. But until your pet is a year old he will be content with the special "Puppy Clip" where the coat is trimmed to an even length all over.

Poodle colours are fascinating. Until recent years only four recognized shades were available—black, white, blue and brown. Latterly, however, breeders have experimented, with the result that many attractive pastel colours have appeared, and you can now have your poodle in silver, cream, apricot or *café-au-lait*.

The white miniature poodle was once known as the Cuban Poodle. A native of Malta, it was made a great pet of by the ladies of Spain. Even now breeders would tell you that the white dog differs in character from, say, the black or brown specimen, although, of course, each variety has its own particular charm.

Silver poodles are usually born black. From about eight weeks old the puppy coat begins to shade off until at about a year old the dog should be a beautiful shade of silver.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 37

Below the Wind. A fine study of life and people in a jungle country recovering from war.

WE thought we knew most there was to know of Queen Victoria's Court, but Vera Watson has patiently delved into the records of the Lord Chamberlain's Department in the Public Record Office and accumulated a mass of revealing facts in **"A Queen at Home"** (W. H. Allen, 18s.), illustrated with fascinating period prints. Item : our Ambassador in Berlin, which the Shah of Persia had visited, writes the Foreign Secretary in '73 that on his forthcoming visit to the Queen the Shah should not "put his fingers into dishes, or take food out of his mouth again to look at it, after it has been chewed—or fling it under the table if it does not suit his taste." Also, the Court's moral sense is shocked by "the manner in which the Shah consoles himself for the absence of his harem. . . ."

ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK has both an intensive and extensive knowledge of post-war France, especially of the less-known Catalans of Roussillon. **"Prospect of France"** (Hutchinson, 18s.) anatomizes Paris and the country to-day, with incidental gossip like that of the lady at his hotel who "had been flattered that Proust should so often have called to see her in her rooms—until she found that he was more attracted by the lift-boy than by her own charms." A vividly individual exploration, plus good photographs.

FOR a cut-back to the Paris of Napoleon III, its Baron Haussmann planning, its Can-Can heyday, demimondaines, boulevardiers and hectic social racket : **"Second Empire Medley"** (Brit. Tech. & Gen. Press, 15s.) by seven contributors including W. H. Holden, editor : a diverting symposium on a scandalous era.

I know many people who dote on books about animals, birds, fish. They will delight in Konrad Z. Lorenz's **"King Solomon's Ring"** (Methuen 15s.)—especially the account of his jackdaw colony—for he is an acute observer of creatures' social habits and even talks their language !

I LIKE novels that read like real-life stories ; they are so much more satisfying than the obviously vamped-up sort. One of the best I've read for a long time—John Connell's **"Time and Chance"** (Constable, 15s.)—tells of Adam Scott, born in a British colony, "Oragoya," who loses father and mother in the first World War when the ship bringing them home is torpedoed. He lives with an uncle in Scotland, meets there the Chief Secretary of the Oragoya government, who inspires him to go back. Later, at Oxford, a fellow student also hailing from there tells him that the Oragoya of his boyhood dreams is now politically "tough and ugly and seething with all sorts of hates and lusts." But go back he does, and his reactions to a colony eruptively heading for independence make a poignant, ironic Empire epitaph. The writing is first-rate, notably on the Scottish and Oragoya backgrounds ; the characters live, and there is a charming marriage romance with a W.A.A.F. officer.

FIVE novels this month have country settings. Sir Philip Gibbs's **"The Cloud Above the Green"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) shows village life reacting to the pacifism of an ex-Communist Austrian refugee who inoculates with his ideas the influential wife of a general with an army son. The cloud is the Russian menace ; the characters subserve a topical situation.

A. G. STREET'S **"Shameful Harvest"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is the story of farmers in the strangling grip of state control ; dramatically of Jim Hazard who is driven to defend, with Home Guard armoury, his farm from seizure by a County Land Officer and police in a shoot-up climax evidently based on an actual case in Hampshire. This impassioned tale will be well thumbed in every rural library.

HALF a century of village life and its social changes are Michael Home's concern in another of his East Anglian Breckland novels, **"The Brackenford Story"** (Methuen, 14s.). We see how war, education, better transport affect the lives of everyone from labourer to squire and parson. Sound work to earn sympathetic praise in every W.I.

MINISTER'S daughter and laird's son in a tense love drama of a Scottish village in the sixties with the action carried into the Edinburgh High Court, make the mystery and suspense in Winifred Duke's **"Winter Pride"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.), a tale with a strong emotional appeal. In **"Death Darkens Council"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) all Vicars Bell needs for a murder thriller are the passions and anonymous letters provoked by a council houses scheme in a Chiltern village.

A WILD, passionate girl is involved in love, witchcraft and religious persecution in sixteenth-seventeenth-century Plymouth and New England in Jean Plaidy's **"Daughter of Satan"** (Hale, 12s. 6d.). In W. Townend's **"No Way of Escape"** (Rich & Cowan, 10s. 6d.) Connie Marlstone, sailing from Rotterdam to Montreal with her scientist father in a cargo ship, meets both sacred and profane love as the only woman aboard. The sea is salt enough ; the sentiment a trifle oversweet.

George Borodin's **"Austrian Concerto"** (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d.) novelizes romantically the life of Mozart. Robert Wilder's **"And Ride a Tiger"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) takes a U.S. pilot to a Philippine island on a raft, then to Georgia to look up the family of the comrade shot down with him, who died on it. He falls in love with the widow, and the sister with him, in an emotional complication of the kind that invariably comes to heroes of U.S. novels and films and makes a good story.

1.6.52

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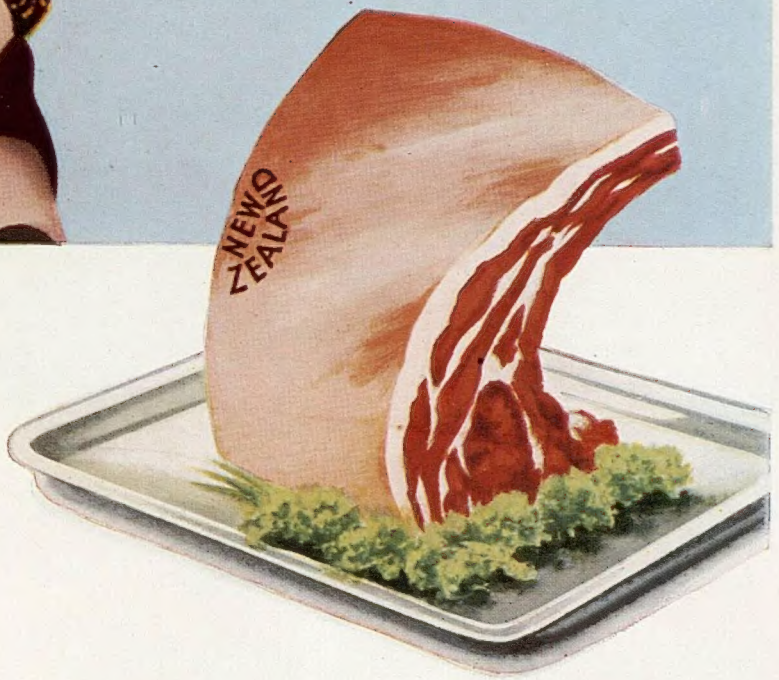

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